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231-240	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
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271-280	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
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291-300	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
301-310	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
311-320	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
321-330	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
331-340	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
341-350	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
351-360	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
361-370	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
371-380	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
381-390	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
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401-410	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12	\$ 1.15	\$.12
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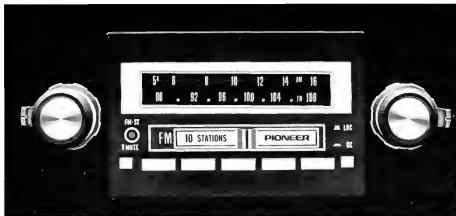
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE, JIMMY CANNON INFLUENCED SPORTSWRITING

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence on contemporary sportswriting of Jimmy Cannon, who died five years ago at the age of 64. Though there is plenty to dislike in his writing style, there can be no question that he ranks with King Lardner and Red Smith among writers who changed the face of the sports page. That is reason enough to take note of a posthumous collection of his columns, *Nobody Asked Me, But...* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.95), edited by his brothers, Jack and Tom Cannon.

Cannon was the paradigmatic "New York sportswriter." He was born in 1909 in Greenwich Village, quit high school after less than a year and landed a job in the uptown classified advertising office of the *Evening World*. Soon he joined the *Daily News* as a copy-boy, and there the classic rags-to-riches story began. Cannon wrote a story that impressed the city editor, who gave him a \$2.50-a-week raise (to \$17.50) and sent him into the streets as a general assignment reporter.

He moved up quickly from covering murder cases to writing one of the country's best radio columns to hanging out a political column from Washington. It wasn't until the mid-'30s that he began writing sports, and that was interrupted in 1941 by service in World War II as the Third Army correspondent for *Stars and Stripes*.

After the war Cannon's sportswriting career flourished. He was given a column in the *New York Post*, in 1959 he moved over to the *Journal-American* and became nationally syndicated. Now his punchy, leery, street-of-New York prose could be read by sports fans from coast to coast; more important, it could be read by sportswriters, who latched onto the Cannon style as if it had been handed down from Heaven.

That style was compounded of several elements. Cannon learned a lot from his two idols, Ernest Hemingway and Damon Runyon. He had a strong streak of heavy Irish sentimentality, no doubt refined by the wee-hours boozing for which he was famous until a stomach operation permanently disbarred him in the 1940s. He also had a remarkably sharp ear and eye, and an instinct for cutting to the quick of a character or situation.

The columns in this collection are fairly representative, which is to say that the good ones are tough and penetrating while the bad ones are maudlin and manipulative. The book seems to have been compiled as a valdettory; it contains a number of columns in which

Cannon summarized his views of one sports celebrity or another, and too few of the workaday, covering-the-game columns at which he so often excelled.

It can be argued that when Cannon was at his best nobody was better, and he was at his best covering boxing. Though he thought the fight game squalid and barbaric, he was drawn to the odd mixture of people it attracts and he found its occasional noble moments—Sugar Ray Robinson at work, the Falc-Gonzalez fights, the careers of Joe Louis and Ernie Charles—positively thrilling. He was especially fascinated by the hangers-on, who inspired his most successful pieces. Here he is, for example, on light managers.

"The fight manager wouldn't fight to defend his mother. He has never participated in a crime of violence but he lives by the code of the underworld. He imitates mob guys in his dress, speech and manners. He accuses all inebriated pups of being yellow, he has been a cow and in all the important matters of his life. He is cranky and profane when he talks to the kids he manages but he is servile when addressing the gangster whom he considers his benefactor. He has cheated many people but he describes himself as a legitimate guy at every opportunity."

Cannon could say a lot in a few words. On Satchel Paige moving the press, "It is the small talk of a witty man used to kidding time with other men on buses or trains. ... He understands how to keep a good day going because he has been cheated out of a lot of them." On Babe Ruth at his Yankee Stadium farewell: "The tan on his face seemed unnatural because he didn't look like a man who had been out in the sun." On Floyd Patterson: "Patterson is an urban hermit who seeks solitude in isolated gyms, like an energetic monk practicing vows of silence and loneliness."

But Cannon could also be itawksch, jerking for every tear. "It was all wrong for Ernie Charles. The luck is still bad and the fight mob is throwing a dinner for him in Chicago because he is terribly sick, and in trouble. At 47 it comes down to pain and wondering about money for the doctors and the family and guys standing up at a table and talking about the great days when he was the heavy eight champion of the world."

Unfortunately, that's what a lot of the Cannon imitators picked up on, part of his legacy is that too many sportswriters try too hard to transform the world of games into a Greek tragedy. The role of tough-guy-with-a-heart-of-gold is boring; it's too bad Cannon gave it legitimacy in sports journalism. But imitators are usually for less interesting than their models for all his flaws, Jimmy Cannon was almost always interesting, and this collection is an appropriate tribute to his career. **END**

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stagger around the veranda—skinny, sunburnt men in Levi's and workshirts, with scuffed cowboy boots and baseball caps cocked back on their foreheads to reveal the badge of the farmer: that blanched expanse of skin where the cap has shaded the face, babyhood pallor above the sun-blackened snoots-bulging jaws. Half shot with drink, they wear the faces of Confederate dead in Mathew Brady photographs."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Goin' Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



UNDERWOOD: A CONCERN FOR THE GAME

In some very important ways, this has been an extraordinary summer for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and its readers. Two weeks ago we concluded a three-part series on money in sports, and in this issue, beginning on page 68, we commence another series, also in three installments, on brutality in football.

The money series was the result of a long-term concern of several of our editors; the football series is the consequence of what amounts to a personal crusade by Senior Writer John Underwood, who felt that the game he loves was being seriously threatened.

Underwood, as he says, has been "living violence" ever since he began working on the series last fall, and it has crystallized many of his worst fears about the state of football. "The thing that gets everybody angry is the so-called 'criminal element' in football," says Underwood, "but you have to back up from that and really wonder what brought George Atkinson to the point where he believed he was right to try to intimidate Lynn Swann by clubbing him with a forearm."

Underwood brought to his task an enduring passion for football, particularly the college game. It is this respect for the sport that made many of his find-

ings—including those on deliberate brutality and drug abuse that appear in forthcoming installments—particularly disturbing. "I got very exercised," he says. "The game itself is the ultimate team game, and it's the sport I most like to watch. But there were so many indications that something was going terribly wrong."

What Underwood discovered only confirmed what he had suspected all along: excessive violence had insinuated itself into the game over a period of years. "When it came to breaking down the sport itself," Underwood says, "some of the things that were happening within the framework of the rules were as bad as what was happening outside the rules. The key to understanding it and making some sense of it was trying to figure out when this type of violent play was necessary and when it wasn't. For instance, when you talk to football coaches, they will tell you that the quarterback needs more protection. But what most coaches really mean is their quarterback needs protection. Meanwhile, they're still coaching their players on how to put the other guy's quarterback out of the game."

Underwood thought that with a reasonable amount of work he could come up with a solution to the problems he perceived as being a threat to the game. But, as he says, "One thing led to another." Curiously, many of the people Underwood interviewed acknowledged that football was at the crossroads, but almost no one was doing anything about it. "There hasn't been any cohesive national effort to get things changed," Underwood says.

With that in mind, Underwood doubled his efforts. "The one thing I felt most strongly about from the very beginning," he says, "was to provide solutions." The solutions are there. Please read on through Part 3.

John F. Underwood

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for Yale
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SCORECARD

Edited by BRUCE NEWMAN

THE WALTON SHUFFLE

In 1974, when Bill Walton was a rookie with the Portland Trail Blazers, Tom Meschery was one of the team's assistant coaches. As a player, Meschery had been a brawler; off the court, he was a poet, and a sensitive man. So Meschery knew that Bill Walton, the All-America center from UCLA, was in for a rough professional career unless he became tougher, mentally as well as physically. Walton missed a number of games during his first two seasons because of injuries. Some of his teammates suspected him of dogging it and Meschery constantly had to remind Walton that playing in pain—though a questionable practice—was a fact of life in the pros.

Eventually Walton embraced the code. Once scorned by the press and fans for his attitude, he became the embodiment of the perfect center as the Blazers won the NBA title in 1977.

Last season Walton was plagued again with injuries, missing much of the second half of the schedule because of pain in his right foot, which was alleviated by minor surgery. He came back for the playoffs, limping through the first game against Seattle because of pain in his left foot, which became so severe that it was injected with a drug before the second game. In the first half of that game, Walton supposedly suffered the break in his left foot that has had him hobbling ever since. However, reports indicate that Walton subsequently learned that X rays may have shown that his foot was already broken when a team doctor injected him before the second Seattle playoff game.

Last week he insisted that he be treated. The reason, it seems, was the medical treatment he received in Portland. Pain-killing injections are apparently responsible for Walton's disaffection with the Blazers. Said John Bussett, a Portland attorney who is acting as a Walton spokesman, "He felt that his enthusiasm for playing basketball was taken advantage of."

By quickly agreeing to Walton's de-

mand, the Blazers made a murky situation even murkier. Now there is even talk of a possible lawsuit against the Blazers if there is no trade. It seems unlikely that the team wants to provoke any lawsuit in which medical practices would be publicly aired.

The Walton case is intriguing because the question of playing in pain is evidently at its core. After the Blazers won the '77 title, the assumption was that Walton had accepted the idea and he was praised for his maturity and newfound wisdom. Now the debate over medical practices in professional sports may start again. Which isn't all bad.

EAR THSI

The World Eskimo-Indian Olympics have never stirred much interest even among some of those eligible to compete—Siberian Eskimos have been invited to participate since the Games began in 1971, but they have so far declined to cross the Bering Strait to Alaska, where the Olympics are held—but what the Games lack in scope, they make up for in color.

The competitors in this year's Olympics, which took place in Fairbanks two weeks ago, were Inuit Eskimos from the North Slope, Yupik Eskimos from western Alaska, Aleuts from the Aleutians (a

separate group, neither Indian nor Eskimo), Athabaskan Indians from the interior, and Tlingit, Haida and Tsimshian Indians from southeastern Alaska. Six seal-oil lamps are lighted to start the Games, the last one by two women—one Eskimo, one Indian, to symbolize the new unity between the two peoples. Not so long ago they used to kill each other.

The events are a mixed bag of native contests, with an occasional grudging nod to the outside world. This year the Nome dance team introduced a step called the Iceberg Bump, a disco version of a dance performed by Eskimos for centuries. Also on the schedule were the greased-pole walk; the blanket toss; seal skinning (the seal must be skinned as quickly as possible, with points being deducted for holes and thin spots; the record is 57 seconds, held by Rhoda Nagak of northwest Alaska); finger pulling; fish cutting; sewing; the one- and two-foot high kick; and the knuckle hop. In this last event contestants assume a push-up position on their knuckles and toes and then "hop" as far as they can; this year Gordon Kilbear hopped 75 feet to break the record—and possibly several of his fingers.

Perhaps the most intriguing event of all is the ear-weight competition, where a string with a weight suspended is looped around a contestant's ear and he walks as far as he can with it. Donald Ahsoak of Barrow set a record for the event by carrying 16 pounds 1,542' 3", then was taken away to be fitted for a new set of stretch earmuffs.

DAY OF WHINE AND ROSE

When his illustrious hitting streak finally ended at 44 games in Atlanta last week, Pete Rose reacted not with disappointment or resignation but with an uncharacteristic fit of pique. Rose felt Atlanta reliever Gene Garber had pitched him very cute, and had cost Rose a fair shot at Joe DiMaggio's 56-game record by striking him out in the ninth inning on a 2-and-2 changeup. "Garber was pitching like it was the seventh game of the World Series," Rose said. "I had one pitch to swing at that was a strike. Most pitchers in baseball just challenge a guy in that situation. If Phil Niekro had been pitching and I got five pitches, I guarantee you three would have been fastballs. I wouldn't have seen the knuckleball, his best pitch."

Well, since when does Pete Rose ex-

continued



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pect favors from pitchers? And what sort of achievement would it have been had Rose beaten DiMaggio's record on a diet of nothing but fastballs and whatever other pitches Rose deemed a suitable challenge?

Gene Garber is paid by the Atlanta Braves and supported by Atlanta fans for getting hitters like Rose out the best way he can, and the best way Garber can is by throwing his best pitch, the change.

Few players have pursued the crystallization of excellence more doggedly than Rose. He should recognize that pursuit when he sees it in others.

ONE, TWO, THREE

Ruzek to Shoemaker to Kaage? It doesn't exactly have the rhythm of Tinker to Evers to Chance. How about Drake to Shoemaker to Kaage? Still doesn't sing? Two weeks ago the above-mentioned no-names from the Lodi Dodgers of the California League made history by completing two triple plays in one game. The only other double triple play in all of recorded professional baseball—it has never happened in the majors—was executed in 1904 by Kansas City of the old American Association.

Oh, yes, Lodi won, 11-6 over Fresno. No one seems to remember what Kansas City did.

KICKING THE HAND

This year, for the first time, more Charlotte, N.C. youngsters are expected to play soccer than Pop Warner football. "Pop Warner, it's no secret, is suffering, and soccer is the reason," says Doug Meelan, director of the Starclaire Athletic Association in Charlotte. That city's Park Sharon Athletic Association dropped football this year when participation declined in three years from 200 youngsters to 75. During the same period, the soccer program grew from zero to 500. Charlotte's Olde Providence Recreation Association dropped football three years ago and started a soccer program with 160 youngsters. It now has 600. On the other hand, Charlotte's SouthPark program dropped soccer to protect its \$25,000 investment in football equipment. "One sport dilutes the other," says Tom Little, SouthPark's director. But it's clear which one is winning. At least in Charlotte, N.C.

And at least one former pro footballer is kicking the hand that fed him—although perhaps that's not so surprising

when one considers that he played soccer as a child in Hungary long before he even heard of American football. Pete Gogolak, former placekicker and alltime leading scorer for the New York Giants, is running a soccer camp in New Canaan, Conn. for more than 300 youngsters. "This sport hasn't even scratched the surface," says Gogolak. "To put an 8-year-old in a helmet and shoulder pads and tell him to start hitting is madness. Football has been great to me, but for this age group, soccer is the only sport."

TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO SCREAM

If you are thinking of attending the Ali-Spinks rematch in the New Orleans Superdome on Sept. 15, you had better plan on floating a bond issue to finance the trip. Ringside seats (all 13,000 of them) are going for \$200 and the cheapest seats cost \$25. Most hotels and motels are raising their rates for the week of the fight beyond even what they charge during Mardi Gras and are demanding a minimum reservation of three to four days.

The Delta Towers Hotel, at which a single room costs between \$28 and \$45, is charging \$100 a night, with a three-night minimum. The Dauphine Orleans Motor Hotel will raise its premium rate from \$52.65 to \$85 a night with a four-night minimum. Commandeably, some hotels, such as the Royal Orleans, Fairmont, Hyatt Regency and Royal Sonesta are maintaining their policies of never altering year-round rates.

Ray Liuzza, president of the Greater New Orleans Hotel and Motel Association, has called "unfortunate" the fact that some hotels have raised rates "beyond what would be necessary to cover the additional expenses during this special period." Nonetheless, New Orleans hoteliers are predicting there will be little room at the inns.

YOU SPELL RELIEF W-I-L-L-I-E-L-I-M

This week the Rolands Relief Man Award was placed on permanent display in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., and it was interesting to note that the trophy got into the Hall before any relief pitcher did. Although 41 starting pitchers have been inducted, no reliever ever has. In the most recent balloting, Hoyt Wilhelm received 158 votes, but 285 votes are needed for induction.

Wilhelm, who still has 19 years to get the requisite number of votes, made his major league debut in 1952 as a 28-year-

old rookie with the New York Giants. That year he became the first reliever to win a league ERA title with a mark of 2.43, and his 15-3 record was the best in both leagues. In 1959 his 2.19 ERA for the Baltimore Orioles made him the only pitcher—starter or reliever—ever to win the earned run championship in both leagues, a record that still stands. During his 21-year major league career (Wilhelm was 49 when he retired), he set six other records, one of them unofficial and all of which still exist. Among them are most saves (227), most relief wins (124), most games pitched (1,070). He retired with a lifetime ERA of 2.52, allowed only 150 home runs in his major league career, and in 1958 pitched a no-hitter for Baltimore against the New York Yankees in one of only 52 starting appearances.

That's some relief.

WHOOOOOO

Consider for a moment the "oooooo" in baseball cheering. Remember how Baltimore fans greeted John (Boog) Powell? "They're not booing." Curt Gowdy would always say, "they're going 'Booooooog.'" Logic would dictate that the practice started with David (Boo) Ferriss, the Red Sox pitcher of the mid-'40s, particularly when he was having a bad day. It caught on. When Moose Skowron came to bat in Yankee Stadium in the '50s, the fans would give out with a big "Moosooooo!" When Phil Roof was in Oakland, it was "Roosoooo!" When Lou Brock is on base in St. Louis, it is "Loosoooo!" And when Vida Blue is pitching in San Francisco, it is "Bloooooo!" The trend may have been taken to its ultimate in Oakland this season when Larry Wolfe, a utility infielder for the Minnesota Twins, was announced. Wolfe? Of course. "Ow-wooooooo!"

THEY SAID IT

• Ron Fairly, of the California Angels, explaining why he has lost none of his speed at age 40. "There was nothing to lose."

• Willie McCovey, asked if he is a superstar: "I don't think baseball has a superstar today, regardless of what the salaries say. Henry Aaron, Willie Mays, Joe DiMaggio were superstars."

• E. J. Holub, former Kansas City Chief linebacker, on his 12 knee operations: "My knees look like they lost a knife fight with a midget."

END

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JUMPING FOR JOY

It was a long time coming and no one deserved it more than John Mahaffey, who put his troubles behind him and won the PGA Championship in sudden death **by DAN JENKINS**



Mahaffey beat Tom Watson and Jerry Pate when he sank this 12-foot birdie putt on the second extra hole at Oakmont. Triumphant at last, he dropped his putter and rushed to embrace his caddy and his wife Suzie.



It could only have happened at Oakmont, fabled old Oakmont, where golfing spirits live in the bunkers and greens and leap across the Pennsylvania Turnpike. You could scarcely find a more suitable place for the sport to produce its first three-way sudden-death playoff for a major championship and, perhaps even better still, have the PGA title wind up in the hands of John Mahaffey, a man who is held in great esteem by his fellow pros. Mahaffey has suffered for a very long time, having undergone broken bones, a broken ego and a broken marriage.

continued

and you will just have to excuse everyone in the game while they shed a tear of joy for him. In golf, it is one thing to be able to come back and simply earn a living. But it is quite another thing to fight your way back from absolute humiliation and desolation and beat up on Tom Watson and Jerry Pate, who are among golfing's elite.

Mahaffey won the PGA in the near-darkness of Oakmont on Sunday evening by curling in a 12-foot birdie putt on the second extra hole of the playoff with Watson and Pate. He sank the putt and then he dropped the club, raced across a border of the green, jumped into his caddy's arms and began shouting. A second later he was bounding into his wife Susie's arms, and then he was in everybody's arms, so much so that Watson had trouble reaching his old friend to congratulate him. If there was anyone to whom Watson did not mind losing this championship, it was John Mahaffey.

Watson had been among those who had consoled Mahaffey after he had lost the 1975 U.S. Open playoff at Medinah to Lou Graham, and after he had blown the 1976 Open to the same Jerry Pate at Atlanta. Tom and John drifted apart after Mahaffey's divorce in that year, and Watson's subsequent success. "It's unavoidable that you start living in different worlds on the tour when someone's doing O.K. and someone else isn't," Watson said. "But John's a great guy, and he won this tournament with style."

To get his misfortunes out of the way, Mahaffey began suffering in various other ways after he lost those two Opens. Mahaffey, who is now 30, had joined the tour in 1971 as another NCAA champion from the University of Houston's golf factory, and he quickly earned reputations as both a solid young player—even though he couldn't hit the ball very far—and the Rich Little of the double-knit crowd. In fact, some pros think that Mahaffey's comic imitation of Chu Chi Rodriguez' swing is even better than the real thing.

Mahaffey won the Sahara Invitational at Las Vegas in 1973 and finished that year in 12th place on the money list with \$112,536. He won \$122,189 in 1974 and \$141,471 in 1975, but by 1977 he had slumped to 150th on the money list with winnings of only \$9,847, barely enough money for caddy fees.

An injured elbow put Mahaffey on the sidelines in late 1976, and a broken

thumb did it again in the spring of 1977. The divorce didn't help.

"I've made up my mind that I don't want to talk about the past," Mahaffey said Sunday night. "It's been a long, long road back, and all I can say is, this makes it worth everything that came before."

Among the good things that happened to Mahaffey on Sunday were about 150 feet worth of putts that dropped as he fired the five-under-par 66 that enabled him to catch Watson. After all, Mahaffey was a player who was not even thought to be in the tournament after beginning with a 75 on Thursday. Even following rounds of 67 and 68, he was seven strokes behind Watson, the leader, and two behind the second-place Pate with only 18 holes to play.

Mahaffey said, "Because it was a major championship, I honestly thought somebody had a chance to catch Tom, but I honestly didn't think it would be me."

Despite Mahaffey's birdies on Sunday from 15, 35 and eight feet at the 4th, 6th and 8th holes, respectively, it wouldn't have been him—or Pate or anybody else—if Watson hadn't staggered into a double bogey at the 10th hole. "The 10th hole was the key hole of the tournament," Watson said. "I don't care what else anyone did."

True enough. With only nine holes to play, Watson was still four strokes ahead of Pate and five up on Mahaffey, and he was revved up from having hit a gorgeous three-wood to within two feet of the pin at the 9th hole and then making the putt for an eagle three. Watson, who had shot earlier rounds of 67, 69 and 67, looked as unbeatable as he had all week.

Two things happened at the 10th, though. Watson drove into a divot and he also had a downhill lie. He hit a poor second shot, the ball going into a bunker. Next came a terrible bunker shot and, finally, three putts for the six. At the same time, Mahaffey was holing a 45-foot birdie putt that, admittedly, he wasn't even trying to make.

"That was a three-shot swing," Mahaffey said. "It got me juiced up, and it had to have some effect on Tom's attitude." Watson agreed. "I started steering the ball," he said.

When Mahaffey sank a 25-footer for a birdie at the 11th, the margin between them was only one shot and it was anyone's championship. A few holes later,



Watson led by six strokes with 14 holes to play

however, it looked like anyone's but Watson's. After Mahaffey rammed a nine-iron into the 14th green, very nearly holing it out, and sank a four-footer for a birdie to go nine under, it was obviously Mahaffey's. But when Mahaffey three-putted the 16th for a bogey at about the same time that Pate birdied the 17th, it was obviously Pate's.

Pate was playing one hole ahead of Watson and Mahaffey, and he struck a marvelous bunker shot out of an Oakmont cavern to within two feet of the cup for his birdie three at the short 17th. This put Pate nine-under for the tournament, and with Watson bogeying the 16th along with Mahaffey, the situation was very simple. If they all parred in, Pate would add the PGA to his other major championships, the U.S. Open and Amateur, and Mahaffey would edge Watson for second place by a stroke.

Watson, however, birdied the 17th with a fine shot out of the rough and a six-foot putt, and pulled even with Mahaffey, who parred the hole. None of that would have mattered if Pate had parred the 18th. Pate did everything but par it. He hit a superb drive and a nice six-iron onto the green, the ball ending up some 20 feet below the hole. Even when Pate

left his first putt about three feet short, it didn't seem too alarming.

But Pate's putt for the par rimmed the cup and spun out, coming back at him. Of all of the shots made by all concerned, this was the one that caused the three-way playoff.

Happily, no one could say Watson blew the tournament. His final-round 73 was not exactly a blowup score, and he had made two birdies and an eagle while struggling to take his fourth major trophy. "I'm pleased that I hung in there," Watson said. "But there's not much you can do when somebody runs the table. I can't complain about it because that's what I did for three rounds."

It all went back to what Watson said earlier. Mahaffey won it with style. As he put it, "All John did, in the final analysis, was beat me. Jerry Pate and the golf course."

After all of the drama and confusion, that's really what it came down to. Well, you knew something crazy had to happen on Sunday. Wasn't this Oakmont, which practically invented golf history in this country? Oakmont has held more major championships than any other club, and it has seen all of the greats and near-greats walk among its immense bunkers and rambling ditches and over its marble-top greens. Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller had won at Oakmont—either a U.S. Amateur, a U.S. Open or a PGA—and the course had even provided the most unusual winner in golf, Sam Parks Jr., a name known only to Sam Parks Sr. when he staggered through the furrowed bunkers and over the lightning putting surfaces in 1935 to take the Open.

Miller's final-round 63 in 1973, although partly aided by rain-dampened greens, severely bruised the egos of Oakmont's members, and for this PGA, Oakmont was determined to present a golf course which would be more akin to the Oakmont of Sam Parks' day, when his winning total was an alarming 299 and everyone else slid off the greens and down a hill toward the Allegheny River.

Early in the week it seemed that Oakmont had what it wanted, greens so speedy and dangerous that Nicklaus, among others, said that on some of them there wasn't even a place to set a cup. Or as Lee Trevino said, "The only way you can stop a ball around here is to call a policeman."

The next thing that happened, though, was the last thing Oakmont lovers wanted. Rain. Thursday's storm, which suspended play for nearly two hours off and on, swamped the course, and the result was, as in Miller's Open, an uncharacteristic Oakmont for the 60th annual championship of the PGA.

From the outset, players were able to throw their iron shoes at the flags like darts, and while the greens remained reasonably "quick," as the pros like to say, their speed could be described as perfect rather than horrible or frustrating. In short, the conditions were ideal for good scoring if the competitor was on his game.

Rather curiously, one fellow in particular was nowhere near his peak—Nicklaus. Here was Jack, flushed with the success of winning the British Open and at Philadelphia in successive weeks before resting up a week for Oakmont. Here was Nicklaus, back on a course where in 1962 he had taken the U.S. Open in a playoff with Arnold Palmer, his first major title as a professional. Here was Nicklaus with a chance to add one more record to his list—a fifth PGA trophy would tie him with Walter Hagen.

But on Thursday morning it was only someone who looked like Nicklaus who seed off. On No. 1 he pulled his drive into an Oakmont ditch, had to chip out, and made a bogey. On the 2nd hole he pulled another tee shot so badly that he managed to turn some trees into an obstacle. He had to hit a shot left-handed in the hope of escaping worse trouble, and he wound up with a double bogey.

From there, Jack thrashed around to a 79, one of the worst rounds he had ever had in a major championship.

"Sometimes you just can't get it going," Nicklaus said. "I could have shot a 79 almost anywhere today."

Barbara Nicklaus said it better. "He even walked sloppy."

Nicklaus insured that he wouldn't survive the 36-hole cut by making three double bogeys on the back nine Friday and shooting a 74, which left him at 153, five strokes too many. Thus, for only the fourth time in his professional career, Nicklaus had missed a cut in a major. Trivia collectors may want to know the others: the '63 Open at Brookline, the

'67 Masters and the '68 PGA at Pecan Valley in San Antonio.

Meanwhile, the Oakmont course was yielding surprising numbers of low-scoring rounds. Watson's 67 on Thursday was one of 16 sub-par performances on the day. There were four more 67s on Friday, and 10 other rounds below par. Along came Saturday and a couple of 66s by Pate and Gil Morgan, and there were no fewer than 18 other sub-par rounds that day, including the 67 which gave Watson his five-stroke lead on the field. Before the tournament ended, Oakmont would yield 64 rounds under par.

Still, the "winning" total of 276, eight under par, was hardly a humiliating figure for the Oakmont members. Granted, it was lower than some people had shot at other PGA venues of far less stature, such as Pecan Valley and Columbine and Arononink, but it was purely a result of the soft conditions. On a faster track there might have been 30 guys in the sudden-death playoff—or no winner at all.

For the silly old romantics, however, it was much better to see John Mahaffey hopping around out there on the other side of the Turnpike.

END



Pate charged into the lead Sunday with a birdie at the 17th but had a three-putt bogey on 18



Before howling crowds in Candlestick Park, those two bitter rivals, the Giants and the Dodgers, split a rousing four-game series in a vain attempt to determine who was the best in the West by **RON FIMRITE**

GOING FLAT-OUT IN CALIFORNIA

As he observed the flight of a fly ball hit by Los Angeles' Lee Lacy last Thursday evening, Manager Joe Altobelli of the San Francisco Giants had occasion to reflect once more on the irrefutable truth of the baseball axiom which holds that the game is never over until the last out. It was the ninth inning, the bases were empty, the Giants were winning 4-3, and Lacy's fly gave promise of being that axiomatic last out. Then Altobelli, watching helplessly from the Candlestick Park dugout, noticed something terribly amiss: the ball, his centerfielder, Larry Herndon, and his rightfielder, Jack Clark, were converging on precisely the same point in right centerfield. Pow! The would-be last out rolled out of a prostrate Herndon's glove and Lacy hurried around the bases with the tying run. As he rushed to the scene of the accident, Altobelli thought of yet another axiom—something about counting chickens.

But Clark and Herndon survived their head-on collision, as did the Giants their run-in with the Dodgers in a tumultuous four-game series last week that added exciting new episodes to the storied rivalry. The Giants won the Thursday game in their own half of the ninth and they won another one-run thriller the next night. But after losing on Saturday and Sunday, San Francisco, which had been in first place in the National League West since June 8 and for all but one day since June 12, dropped into second, two percentage points behind Cincinnati. The four games attracted 193,954, raising the

Giants' home attendance for the season to 1,289,199, already higher than any complete season since 1966. And though last week's bruising encounter left both the Dodgers and the Giants physically and emotionally drained, they must collide again this week in Los Angeles in yet another four-game series. Meanwhile, Cincinnati, which took over first place after stopping San Diego's 10-game winning streak, is waiting to feast on the remains. If last week is a criterion, August will be a harrowing month for the Giants and the Dodgers.

The series began promisingly for the Giants, a young team clamoring for recognition as a bona-fide contender. With two outs in the first inning of the opening game, Willie McCovey, the last link to the championship team of 1962, hit a sky-high two-run shot into the football bleachers in rightfield, the 504th homer of a notable career. Another run scored from third on an infield hit, and a Clark single in the second brought home a fourth run. The Dodgers scored three of their own in the fourth off Jim Barr, a fine pitcher with atrocious luck. Barr protected his one-run lead into the ninth when, with the game seemingly won, Herndon and Clark knocked heads pursuing Lacy's fly, which consequently became an inside-the-park home run. The collision knocked out Clark and left Herndon punchy.

Herndon actually held on to the ball after the impact, but it subsequently trickled out of his glove. The Giants ar-

gued that it was a legitimate catch, but Second-Base Umpire Jim Quick held that, because he did not see the ball until it rolled free, it was not. To be sure, Herndon was in no shape to show the ball to an umpire because he was only vaguely aware that he had it.

The crowd of 42,084 demonstrated wildly after the Quick decision, and Altobelli, alternately raging at the umpire and inquiring into the health of his stricken outfielders, was ejected. Darrell Evans restored the hordes to good humor in the last of the ninth with a clean single to right that scored Terry Whitfield from second with the winning run. The Giants, even the dazed Herndon and Clark, were ecstatic about the dramatic triumph over adversity.

"Just about everything happens in a Giants-Dodgers series," said elder statesman McCovey, "so this was typical. But we never let down. We've been coming back all year. Because it's happened so much, we just feel it's our year."

With Vida Blue throwing a bewildering assortment of sailing and rising fastballs and leading the 47,944 fans in cheers Friday night, there was little adversity to overcome. Blue was superb. He retired the first 12 hitters, gave up a homer to Ron Cey in the fifth, then retired the next eight before walking Cey in the seventh. He had a one-hitter with two out in the

After the fall, the Giants rushed to the outfield to aid their stricken mates and argue an ump's ruling that Herndon hadn't made a valid catch

Giants Outfielders Herndon and Clark went down for the count after colliding while chasing a fly

ninth when Reggie Smith doubled. With Cey the next batter, Altobelli summoned durable Randy Moffitt from the bullpen, and Moffitt induced the Penguin to fly out and end the game. The Giants scored in the second when Herndon, fully recovered save for a cracked tooth, tripled to right center and continued home when Smith juggled the ball at the fence. Bill Madlock broke the tie in the fifth with his ninth homer of the year.

The win was Blue's 16th against only four losses, and with it he became the top winner in the major leagues. He is enjoying perhaps his finest season and he is also enjoying himself again after nine years of mostly involuntary servitude across the Bay in Oakland. Blue's goodwill is contagious. Whether pitching or not, he stands before the dugout and leads the new host of Giant fans in cheers. He does joyful little skip steps off the mound and embraces his teammates on the field after every victory. When Altobelli reluctantly removed him one out away from a complete game Friday, he greeted Moffitt with a welcoming hand slap and a pat on the rear. In the clubhouse afterward he joshingly urged reporters to discontinue their interviews with other players and gather round to hear the pearls he was prepared to impart.

Blue the Giant is a far different per-

son from the sometimes sullen, often sardonic put-on artist he had become under Charles O. Finley. "I am mentally prepared," he says. "I am eating, sleeping, drinking baseball. I'm a happy man." If McCovey is the heart of the new Giants, Blue is the spirit.

Both teams entered the Saturday game somewhat undermanned. The already battered Clark was unable to start because of a knee strain incurred breaking up a double play the night before. The Dodgers played without Centerfielder Billy North, who strained a hamstring running down a burglar outside his Oakland home after the Friday game. "It was worth it," said North of the injury. "I caught the guy."

The rationally televised game, played before 49,203, served notice that in 21-year-old Bob Welch the Dodgers have a rookie pitcher who, in the opinion of Manager Tom Lasorda, "can be another Don Drysdale." Throwing a wicked fastball, Welch shut out the Giants on nine hits and squelched a ninth-inning rally by striking out Clark, who was pinch-hitting, on three straight high hard ones. The win snapped a six-game Dodger losing streak—their longest since 1973—five of the losses being by one run.

It was Welch's third win since being called up from Albuquerque in June, and the shutout reduced his earned run average to 1.71. "There's no reason for me to act like a rookie, even though I am a

rookie," said Welch after the win. "I mean, I can't go out there and say, 'Oh gosh, the big leagues.' The worst thing a pitcher can have is no confidence."

Dodger Vice-President Al Campanis says what Welch has is "inner conceit," and he considers it invaluable. The Giants may have some of that, too. With each critical game in a rapidly expiring season they seem to grow more confident. They have established that their pitching, with a staff ERA of 3.14, is the best in their league and probably the best in baseball. And Clark, Madlock, Whitfield and the off-the-bench flash, Mike Ivie, are all hitting better than .300. Obviously they also subscribe to the message crudely inscribed on a wall of the passageway between the Giant clubhouse and dugout: "Nevah Give Up!" And as a team with more than the ordinary complement of born-again Christians—playing in a notoriously sinful city, at that—they appear convinced that the so-called Big Dodger in the Sky who watched so benignly over their opponents a year ago has come over to their side now. Only divine intervention, in the opinion of the devout Ivie, can account for the Giants' penchant for turning adversity to advantage. "Too many things are happening our way," he says, "too many good things. You just have to believe we're being watched." As the Dodgers must now ruefully concede, San Francisco has a team that indeed bears watching. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HEAT MILLER



TAKING THE RIGHT TURN ON A COOK'S TOUR

There are 56 different rides in the vast amusement park on the shore of Lake Erie at Cedar Point, Ohio. Some of them are novel, but the best are traditional. Cedar Point has two Dodgems, where customers can play chicken with their friends. On Gemini, the biggest of the park's six roller coasters, the riders swoop back and forth between inner and outer space at more than 60 mph while their stomachs press hard against their brains, and vice versa. Ergo, Cedar Point is a fit and proper place for offshore powerboat racers to gather.

The most important differences between the rides at Cedar Point and the Grand National offshore boat race held there every August are both mechanical and fiscal. The park's Ferris wheel, old-timey choo-choo trains, cable and Dodgem cars rarely break down. The \$50,000 offshore powerboats very often do. Admission to the park is \$8.75 for adults, all rides included. Just how many rides a person cares to try depends largely on how long he wants to retain his last meal. In contrast, to get crew and boat and back-up gear and sponsor and sponsor's high-living friends to one Grand National offshore race, a driver or owner forks out up to \$15,000. At that rate just how long the competitors stay in offshore competition depends on how much they enjoy a gambling game where the first-place purse—\$10,375 at Cedar Point—barely covers the cost of getting to the next race.

As offshore boats have become lighter and faster, the attrition rate has climbed dramatically. Two years ago, 63% of the entries on the 10-race circuit finished. In five races to date this season, only 45% of the starters have made it all the way. Until this year, the Cedar Point Grand National course used to reach 52 miles easterly to the near side of Cleveland, then back and around a group of large and small islands, each inhabited by a different tribe of gremlins. Because Lake Erie is shallow—quickly

While her rivals swerved off course or conked out, Betty Cook listened to her navigator and won the Erie race

by COLES PHINIZY



Leading the inland-offshore pack home, Cook wound up with the trophy—in this case, full of beer

spawning steep waves in a blow—the course was changed last Saturday, the long leg to Cleveland being eliminated. After a short dash eastward, the 177.5-mile course zigged twice around the islands. As if that were not tricky enough, the Coast Guard reminded the racers that the fishing was better than it had been in years. In certain areas of the course, the Coast Guard had counted up to 5,000 fishing boats on weekends. Furthermore,

there was the possibility that commercial fishermen were sneakily laying nets in restricted areas where they should not. And as a final threat, there was to be an offshore sailboat race with a fleet of 70; if the air was light the fleet would be strung out over one of the legs of the powerboat course.

There were indeed fishing boats galore, but none got seriously in the way. And a five-knot east wind blew the sail-

ing fleet safely across the leg before the offshore boats howled along it. No misplaced fishnets were encountered, but there was trouble aplenty without them. Eighteen open-class boats started; only eight were alive on the course two hours later. The non-finishers suffered a variety of afflictions.

Billy Martin, who has been in the game the longest—eight topsy-turvy years—previewed the Cedar Point race with his usual jolly pessimism. "We have bigger boats now that can run faster longer. We

qualification for a course infraction), the first veteran to be struck down in the Cedar Point race was Sandy Satullo, a local hero from Cleveland, who had won the last two Cedar Point races. Satullo came out of retirement to defend his title in a borrowed boat. "I know the boat I am driving is blue and white," he said on the eve of the race. "I know it is 39 feet long, and I know it has the number '83' on the side. I know that much because the owner told me on the phone." Satullo did not get to know the borrowed boat much better. Ten minutes after the start the engine block cracked.

If not the duty, it is then at least the pleasure of gremlins not only to humiliate champions but also to trample on the already downrodden. The second pilot to drop out was Roeky Aoki, the restaurateur who sponsors two races on the circuit. Having failed to finish in the first four races of the season, Aoki should have been due for at least a complete tour of the circuit, but just after he had completed the first trip around those pesky islands, a bolt in his transmission let go.

After Aoki, what better victim could there be than Joel Halpern, who has won two consecutive national titles? If not Halpern, how about Betty Cook, the only woman in the game? Cook, who is in her fourth year of racing, won the 1977 world championship in the final race of the season at Key West last November. Before the Cedar Point race, she said, "I want a rough-water race. We have a heavy boat at about 8,000 pounds. The rougher it is, the better we will do. John Connor, my mechanic, is great and Don Holloway, my navigator, is super in rough water, when the compass card is bouncing all around."

The seas on race day barely exceeded a foot, far better suited to lighter boats than the tunnel hull driven by Halpern. But Holloway proved, if not super, at least superior at a critical early moment that kept his team very much in the game. As Halpern led the pack toward the easternmost checkpoint, for a deluding instant it looked as if the gremlins had reached out from their distant islands to fetch Cook a wallop. Actually it was Halpern they were out to get. When challenged for the lead by Arnold Glass, an Australian who had lost his way. Hal-

pern unwittingly let himself be carried off course—and was chased by three other boats foolishly playing follow-the-leader. Holloway, the super navigator, was the first to note that everybody was boiling along low of the mark. Because of his quick correction, within a minute Cook had moved her 38-foot Scarab from a quarter mile behind Halpern to a quarter mile ahead of everybody. Halpern, the leader led astray, rounded the mark fifth. Glass, the wandering Aussie, got around 16th.

Because of his flat-water hull, Halpern slowly made up what he had lost. He deliberately did not try to close the gap too quickly because after four races he was trailing Cook, the season's leader, by 485 points. Winning 400 points for the first place, to her 300 for second, would gain him little. But by applying pressure through the race, he might force her to break down, thereby making a clean gain of 400 points. But then, after one trip around the islands, it was Halpern who conked out, the transmission bell housing breaking.

Billy Martin still had a solid chance of catching Cook, but it was not to be: a broken rod and leaking oil stopped him cold early on the second circuit of the islands. In the final 20 miles one last challenger, Preston Henn, had a run at Cook but she won with 200 yards to spare.

By all rights, the winningest combination in a hyper-technical game like offshore powerboat racing should be a veteran driver and crew with the latest red-hot equipment, but such logic is too put for this whimsical pursuit. Sometimes old hands win in new boats, and sometimes novices win in junk stuff. The third driver to finish at Cedar Point was a rookie, Al Weichelsbaum in the latest kind of Cigarette hull. The fourth to finish was Jerry Jacoby, another rookie, driving a fourth-hand Cigarette that has been to the wars too often. Two years ago, Tom Gentry won the world championship in Jacoby's hull. Last year, when Joe Ippolito, who came in sixth at Cedar Point, drove the same hull in the world championship it literally came apart. There is no figuring the luck of offshore racing, even when it is practiced inland. It is the sweet prospect of winning, or even finishing where so many others fail, that keeps the racers coming.

END



don't have to keep backing off the throttles as much; we can get on top of the waves more often and run across the top of them. If the water is flat for the race, you're going to see a big scrap pile of engine parts. If it gets rough, you'll see a pile of broken hulls. It'll be either burned-up motors or beat-up boats."

Although Martin has never been overwhelmed by good luck this special grief over the years has been to finish first and get, instead of the checkered flag, a dis-

DON'T STOP THE MUSIC, CHANGE IT

Disco sounds led to one world record at the AAUs and another was a shocker as several new faces kept U.S. swimming upbeat **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Sixteen-year-old Jesse Vassallo was stretched out on the deck of a 50-meter pool in The Woodlands, Texas last Friday night trying to psych himself up for a race he was about to swim in the AAU long-course championships. But Vassallo was having a bit of trouble working himself into the proper frame of mind. "It's that music," he complained, referring to the mellow strains coming from a nearby portable radio. "It's too honing."

Obligingly, a coach turned the dial to a station playing more pulsating disco sounds. "That's better," Vassallo said. "That'll get me going."

Vassallo savored the music for a few

minutes and then headed off for the start of the 400-meter individual medley, an event that is sometimes called the decathlon of swimming. Vassallo remained in the pack in the opening butterfly leg but built a widening lead in the backstroke and breaststroke legs. Then, as the crowd urged him on with a rhythmic go-go-go chant, he blasted home in the final freestyle leg to finish in 4:23.39, eclips-

ing Rod Strachan's world record of 4:23.68. Climbing out of the pool, Vassallo gave credit where it was due. "It was the music that did it for me," he said.

Vassallo's big swim was one of four world records—two by men and two by women—broken at the AAU meet, but it was the only one attributable to a musical interlude. And that was not the only way that the slight 5' 7" schoolboy distinguished himself in The Woodlands, a new real-estate development set in a pine-forested area 25 miles northwest of Houston. Besides his world record in the 400 IM, the versatile Vassallo won the 200 IM and the 200 backstroke and was runner-up in the 1,500 freestyle to become the men's star of the five-day meet. And because the first two finishers in every event qualified for the World Aquatic Championships later this month in West Berlin, he also emerged as a key figure—perhaps the key figure—in the U.S. effort to maintain supremacy in men's swimming.

All this was achieved by a quiet young man who will celebrate his 17th birthday this week. A native of Puerto Rico, Vassallo moved with his family to Florida in 1972 so that he and his four brothers, all of whom are swimmers, could get better coaching. Then, three years later, the Vassallos moved to California, and the boys joined the powerful Mission Viejo Naddores swim club. Jesse improved dramatically, setting age-group records left and right, and last spring he broke the American record in the 400-yard IM, an event contested only in 25-yard short-course pools. Still, Vassallo remained very much in the shadow of Mission Viejo teammate Brian Goodell, the Olympic gold medalist and world-record holder in the 400 and 1,500 freestyles. And he figured to remain in that shadow at least a while longer: Goodell was entered in four events in The Wood-



Steve Lundquist: a 17-year-old from Georgia, set a world record in the 200-meter individual medley



Josselyn Vassallo, a 18 year old native of Puerto Rico, broke the record in the 400 individual medley.

lands and was generally counted on to be the mainstay of the U.S. team at the world championships, which begin Aug. 18 and last 10 days.

Instead, Goodell came down with a

strep throat a week before the AAUs and failed to make the 45-member team. The stunning development somewhat tempered the pleasure Vassallo took in his own successes. "We need Brian in Ber-

lin," fretted Vassallo. "We're not going to be nearly as strong without him."

Another Olympic champion to fall victim to physical miseries was Bruce Furniss, the '76 gold medalist in the 200 freestyle. Furniss has been bothered by chronic back troubles and he struggled to a fourth-place finish in the 200 in the AAUs, thereby gaining a berth on the 800-meter free relay. Goodell's problems and the reduced services of Furniss aroused fears that the U.S. men, who had taken 12 of 13 events in Montreal, might have their hands full in West Berlin with, in particular, the Soviet Union, whose men have turned in some formidable clockings in recent weeks. The Soviets have been plotting big things in swimming for a long time, only to come up empty, but with the '80 Games in Moscow, their desired breakthrough may finally be at hand. "The Russians made some mistakes in the past but that appears over," says Don Gumbriel of the University of Alabama, one of the U.S. world championship coaches. "For the first time, they're deep in just about every men's event."

Complicating the picture for the U.S. is uncertainty about some of the Olympians who are going to West Berlin. These include Jim Montgomery and Mike Bruner, winners at Montreal in the 100 freestyle and 200 butterfly, respectively; both had shaky moments at the AAUs and made the team by finishing second to Auburn junior David McCagg and Olympian Steve Gregg, respectively. And while silver-medalist Joe Bottom won his 100-meter butterfly specialty, he finished $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of a second above his year-old world record of 54.18. Montgomery, Bruner and Bottom all are hoping for faster times in West Berlin. As the 23-year-old Montgomery said, sounding just a touch unsure, "An old man like me can use a second chance."

Under the circumstances, it was probably a good thing that the AAU meet also turned up some fresh talent, including several high school hotshots who got no closer to the 1976 Olympics than their television sets. Particularly impressive was Steve Lundquist, a 17-year-old from Jonesboro, Ga., who won the 100-meter

continued



breaststroke and set a world record of 2:04.39 in a preliminary heat of the 200 IM, nearly a second under the month-old record of the Soviet Union's Alexander Sidorenko. Climbing happily out of the water after his record swim, Lundquist seemed to suffer a frightening, but fortunately mild, shock when he leaned his dripping wet body against an exposed metal pipe at poolside. "That just about tore me apart," he said. Fortunately the shock was not serious and workmen quickly boarded up the pipe. Lundquist got a different kind of shock that night when Vassallo won the final in a relatively pokey 2:05.90. But runner-up Lundquist still had his world record and he firmly vowed, "Now I intend to become world champion and make my record stick."

To do so, however, he will have to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLIETMEIER

A pair of 15-year-olds, Kim Linahan (left) and Tracy Caulkins, set world records as they prepared for the upcoming world championships.



beat Vassallo, which may not be easy. Despite his worries about how the U.S. men might fare in West Berlin, Vassallo is no more uncertain of his own abilities than Lundquist is of his. After Lundquist's world-record performance in the prelims, Vassallo swam his own heat, then returned to his motel room and watched Tom and Jerry cartoons on TV. "That world record didn't bother me," he said. "I just told myself I'd have to catch him tonight."

The women—or, rather, girls—did a bit of record setting in The Woodlands, too, and apparently have now recovered from the demoralization suffered in Montreal at the hands of the East Germans, who won 11 of 13 events. Most of the victims of that mauling have since been replaced by a crop of young, eager water sprites who have steadily narrowed the gap between their own clockings and those of the East Germans. The trend continued last week, which was the first time that American women have broken two world records at the same meet since 1974. The AAUs also produced American records in nine of the 10 other individual events.

As expected, the leading gap closer was Tracy Caulkins, the 15-year-old sensation from Nashville. The 5' 8" Caulkins is long-muscled and flexible and she is also a demon for conditioning. "That's because she has such a high pain threshold," says her father, a school administrator. "Her dentist calls her the best patient he's got. She doesn't take Novocain and she still doesn't feel anything. The bad part of this is that Tracy gets no advance warning of illness. Where other people get a sore throat first, Tracy just comes down with fever without knowing it."

On arriving in Texas, Tom Caulkins' daughter relaxed by sitting in the bleachers and reading *A Farewell to Arms*. Then she shaved her arms and legs and went to work on her avowed goal, namely, to start adding world records to the nine American records she already held. "I'm swimming five events here and I think I can get a world record in any of them," Tracy said cautiously. "I'm not sure which one I've got the best chance in, though."

It appeared at first that she might set world records in everything. On open-

continued



"I learned about white rum and tonic from Ilie Nastase" BILL DENNIS, Tennis Tournament Director

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ing night she slashed through the water to win the 200 IM in 2:15.09 and, just like that, break the world record of 2:15.85 of East Germany's Ulrike Tauber. However, the next morning she lolled to a 1:14.22 in a heat of the 100 breaststroke, far slower than her American-record 1:12.98. That tied her for eighth in the preliminaries with a 16-year-old Miamian, Patty Waters, and because eight qualify for the final, the two of them were pitted in a swimoff. Caulkins won it but her coach, Paul Bergen, was worried that she was becoming too distracted by autograph seekers and reporters. "Tracy's got to learn to say excuse me to people," said Bergen. She was whisked away following the swimoff and slept for more than two hours. That night she took the final in 1:10.97, an American record and just a few ticks off East German Hannalore Anke's world record of 1:10.86. "I just wasn't mentally with it this morning," Tracy said of her scare in the earlier heat. "I guess I was overconfident."

Caulkins next won the 400 IM in 4:47.06 and the 200 butterfly in 2:10.09, breaking her own American record in the one and Nancy Hogstead's in the other. On Sunday she ended the binge with an American record of 2:35.23 in the 200 breaststroke. By the time the waters stopped roiling, she had won five events and picked up her first world record. And she had added another batch of American records; astonishingly, she has now lowered American records 27 times in just 17 months.

Hard though it may be to believe, Caulkins was far from the whole show for the American women. There was also Kim Linehan, a superstitious 15-year-old from Sarasota, Fla. who would not dream of swimming a race without having her three stuffed animals at poolside. They were all in Texas—Jocko, Kong and Snoopy—when she joined Caulkins in the world-record game with a 4:07.66 clocking in the 400 freestyle, more than a second under the record of the GDR's Petra Thümer. She also won the 800 free in an American record 8:31.99. At that, Linehan was scarcely any more impressive than 18-year-old Linda Jezek, one of only three '76 Olympians going to Berlin on the women's team. Jezek has not been beaten by an American in an open backstroke race in two years and she kept

that string intact by winning the 100 and 200, edging close to the GDR-held world records in both. In addition, 14-year-old Sippy Woodhead picked up two firsts and two seconds in freestyle events, including a lightning-fast 1:59.49 in the 200.

None of this necessarily means that the U.S. women will put the East Germans to rout. The GDR women broke four world records in their championships last month, and the suspicion lingers that they may have been holding back for the world championships. Still, the American women are thinking positive. "We think we can make a good showing against them," said Caulkins. Agreeing, Kim Linehan said, "Everybody talks about how scary the East Germans are, but that's silly. They're just like regular people except they come from a different country."

What makes such talk seem less rash is the instructive case of Brian Goodell, whose troubles in The Woodlands suggest that fortunes can shift rapidly in swimming. Despite his illness, Goodell went into his first event, the 400 free, with expectations of winning, and he actually led after 100 meters. At that point something happened. "The first 100 felt great," Goodell later told Mark Schubert, his coach at Mission Viejo, "but then I couldn't feel the water, I didn't know where I was."

Schubert smiled wanly and said, "When everybody began to pass you, didn't that give you a clue?"

Among those who whizzed by was USC-bound Jeff Float, a strapping lad of 18 with a well-nigh-perfect surname for a swimmer. As Goodell faded to fifth, Float won in 3:54.32, a smashing performance for someone who passed up top-level competition last summer to compete instead in the World Olympic Games for the Deaf in Bucharest, where he won 10 gold medals. An anesthesiologist's son from Sacramento, Float lost most of his hearing when he was stricken with meningitis at the age of 13 months, but he follows conversation with the use of a hearing aid and by reading lips. And he gets along just fine at swimming meets.

"I can tell when the starter says 'Take your mark' by watching the other swimmers get into position," he says. "And the gun is usually no problem. Horns

sound under each block, and I can pick that up pretty well. Communicating with my coach [Sherm Chavoor of Sacramento's Arden Hills Swim Club] is no problem, either. He mumbles so much that even people who can hear don't know what he's saying."

For his part, Chavoor joked, "Don't let Float kid you. He hears exactly what he wants, which is true of all my other swimmers." Chavoor may have something in his analysis. After Float's victory, a television crew fitted Jeff with an earplug and he easily answered questions during an interview.

As for Goodell, after his troubles in the 400 freestyle, he placed 10th in the 200 free, fourth in the 400 IM and ninth in the 1,500 free. His Mission Viejo teammate Ed Ryder won the 1,500 in 15:24.84, followed by Vassallo.

By breaking the world record in Texas, Vassallo had already achieved a goal of considerable personal importance. He and his brothers had gotten into swimming in Puerto Rico at the urging of their father, Victor, a successful businessman who continued to work out of offices in San Juan and Miami after the family moved to the West Coast. The commute finally became too much, and last year the Vassalloes moved back to Florida, with the idea that they would return once more to Mission Viejo—and Jesse to the Nadadores—as the '80 Olympics drew nearer. Then last October Victor Vassallo's automobile broke down on a Florida highway. Getting out to seek assistance, he was hit by another car and killed. The Vassallo boys and their mother moved back to Mission Viejo shortly after, and Jesse now says, "My dad wanted me to be a good swimmer, and that's what pushes me on."

As Jesse swam to his world record, his mother was watching at poolside. "It's a happy moment for me and also a sad moment," she said. "My husband's whole life was his boys and swimming. His goal was that Jesse would break a world record and go to the Olympics."

With that goal now half achieved, where do the world championships in West Berlin fit in? "It would be nice if Jesse could do well there," she said. "I wasn't planning to go but now I'm tempted. It's really funny, but when I left Mission Viejo to come here, I brought my passport."

END

STRESS, STRAIN AND PAIN

Like a lot of pitchers, Tommy John and Steve Busby have had their careers threatened by sore arms. Surgery helped cure John; Busby may not make it by **RON FIMRITE**

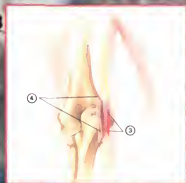
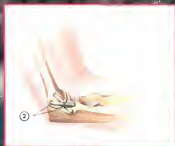
My arm felt great that night," Tommy John recalls. "Oh, I'd had pain off and on, but a pitcher has to be able to distinguish between ordinary pain and real soreness. You wouldn't pitch much if you had to be 100% every time out. Pain is something you live with. But this night there was none. In fact, I hadn't had any real problems with my arm since I had bone chips removed in '72. And, of course, I'd been pitching very well."

John had won 13 games and lost only three as he prepared to face Montreal at Dodger Stadium on the night of July 17, 1974. In the 2½ seasons he had pitched for the Dodgers, he had won 40 and lost 15, for a remarkable percentage of .727. At 31 he was at the very height of his powers, and with Los Angeles leading its division by 3½ games and playing superbly, he could envision not only his first 20-win season, but also his first appearance in the league playoffs and the World Series.

In the third inning, with the Dodgers leading 4-0, John faced the righthand-hitting Hal Breeden with runners on first and second and nobody out. John needed a double-play ball, an infield grounder from Breeden, so with one strike and one ball on the hitter, he elected to throw his best pitch, a sinking fastball. "I was definitely not trying to overthrow the ball," says John. "Some people said that because I had not been picked for the All-

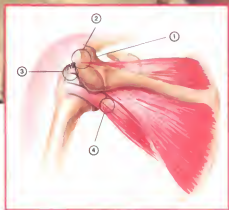
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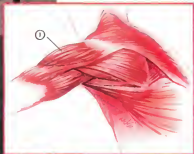
In the first of Dr. Frank Jobe's two operations on Tommy John, he removed the palmaris longus tendon (1 in the drawings at right) from the Dodger left-hander's right arm and transplanted it in John's left elbow. Dr. Jobe faced the tendon, which normally attaches muscle to bone, through holes drilled in John's elbow (2), and— presto!—it began to function as a ligament that connects bone to bone. In a second and more important and delicate procedure, Dr. Jobe transferred John's inflamed ulnar nerve from behind the pitcher's left elbow (3) to a position in front of the joint (4), thereby curtailing the inflammation, which had resulted in John's losing the ability to manipulate his pitching hand.





MEDICAL ILLUSTRATIONS © JILL A. CHAMBERLAIN





Star Game I was trying to prove something by throwing extra hard. But that just isn't true. The ball sinks better when it isn't thrown at full speed, and I wanted to throw him a good sinker."

John has a smooth motion and an orthodox three-quarter overhand delivery. Nothing seemed unusual about his wind-up on the next pitch to Breeden, although John concedes his body may have been too far ahead of his arm at that critical moment when the ball is released. But at the time everything seemed to be going smoothly. Then, "right at the point where I put force on the pitch, the point where my arm is back and bent, something happened. It felt as if I had left my arm someplace else. It was as if my body continued to go forward and my left arm had just flown out to rightfield, independent of the rest of me. I heard this thudding sound in my elbow, then I felt a sharp pain. My fingers started to tingle. The ball got to the plate somehow, high and away. I threw one more pitch, at about half speed, and felt the same sensation. That pitch was even higher and farther away. I walked off the mound and met Walter Alton coming out of the dugout. "You better get somebody," I told him. "I just hurt my arm."

Steve Busby was 25 and in only his third full major league season in the summer of 1975, but he had already thrown two no-hitters and been a big winner, with 22 victories in '74. He would win another 18 in '75, despite what he now recognizes as "a gradual erosion process in the back of my right shoulder." The symptoms became evident in late June

of that year, when Busby's record was 11-5.

"I had pitched a lot of innings already—about 160—and was throwing every fourth day. It was then I began to feel these pains in the back of my shoulder. There had been pain before, but always in the front—tendinitis. To compensate for this new pain, I was altering my pitching motion slightly, and that was causing me mechanical problems.

"On the 25th of June I threw 12 innings in Anaheim and won 6-2, but I struggled for the last seven. It was really a chore to throw. The next time I pitched was July 1 against Texas. Normally I recuperate fast between starts, but this day I just couldn't throw well. I was having strength problems. I couldn't grip the ball well and I had a lessened ability to snap my wrist. I couldn't even make a tight fist. Whitey Herzog took over as manager in late July, and he told me it looked as if I was favoring something. It's a difficult thing to say, that your arm is sore. You hate to admit it in public. It's a point of ego, of pride. And you don't want to give your opponents a psychological edge. So I pitched on through the middle of September with very little success."

Herzog persuaded Busby to skip his last three starts and to see a doctor. On Oct. 7, 1975 Busby, a native of Southern California, was examined by Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Los Angeles-area orthopedist who, with his partner, Dr. Frank Jobe, has the preeminent sports medical practice in the country. Dr. Kerlan, who had treated Busby for a shoulder strain when the pitcher was 15, prescribed rest, injections to remove fluid, ice treatments and gradual rehabilitation.

Busby began an exercise program in November, convinced that his arm had been brought on by nothing more than bad pitching habits. He throws with a modified corkscrew motion that if not properly timed can leave his arm out of synch with the rest of his body and thereby under dangerous stress. He worked tirelessly, if cautiously, to correct his supposed bad habits, but the soreness persisted. When the Royals broke from spring training to open the 1976 season in Chicago, Busby stayed behind in Florida to work out some more kinks. He rejoined the team during its first home stand, and on April 18 lost to Cleveland 6-0. After five starts, he was placed on the 21-day disabled list. Again he worked

continued

The swollen rotator cuff in Steve Busby's pitching shoulder was being pinched between the acromion—the outer extension of the shoulder blade (1 in the drawing at left)—and the humerus, the upper bone of the right arm. To relieve the pressure, Dr. Jobe sliced away part of the bone beneath the acromion (2) and then repaired damage that had been done to the rotator cuff (3). However, some of the deterioration (4) in the shoulder socket was permanent. To perform these procedures, Dr. Jobe had to peel back and reattach Busby's deltoid muscle, which is indicated as 1 in the drawing above.

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to rehabilitate himself, concentrating now on distance throwing—up to 300 feet—to restore strength and durability to his right arm. He rejoined the team and pitched reasonably well through June, although the soreness in his arm was becoming more and more acute. But it wasn't until July 6 in Yankee Stadium that the pain significantly affected his throwing.

"I was really terrible in that game," he recalls. "Gravity dictated what the ball did. Somehow I got through seven innings, but I walked the first two batters in the eighth and Whitey took me out. It was not a major league performance. In July Dr. Kerlan ordered me to have a shoulder arthrogram. Dye is injected into the joint, and if it leaks out into the surrounding tissue, there is a problem—and it showed that I had a tear in the rotator cuff. Rest wouldn't help an injury that serious. If I were to pitch again, I would have to have surgery."

The two injuries—one a sudden breakdown of the left elbow, the other a "gradual erosion" of the right shoulder—are not as unrelated as they seem. Both fall under the umbrella classification of "sore arm," and both have the same primary cause—too much throwing. Any such injury, according to Dr. Jobe, "is a prime example of the end result of long-term stress on the arm. We call it the Overuse Syndrome. If a person throws very hard for a long period of time, the body responds with an inflammatory reaction. This can cause a scar, calcification, degeneration and rupture of the ligaments. The difference between throwing a ball hard enough to get a major league hitter out and hurting the arm is infinitesimal."

The sore arm is endemic to pitching. As a race driver fears a crash, so a pitcher fears that fearful twinge in the elbow or shoulder. A career can end with a snap of the wrist. The effort involved in throwing a baseball hard 100 times or more in the space of two or three hours literally tears at bone and muscle. The pitcher is, therefore, a creature apart. Other players can function with sore arms, but the pitcher who cannot throw is finished. His arm has a life—and death—separate from the rest of him.

Some of the game's finest pitchers have had their athletic lives ended prematurely by a failing arm. "I pitched against guys in the minors I thought were sarfere," says John. "Then I never heard of them

again—sore arms." In 1950, Paul Pettit, a fireballing lefthander, was signed out of a Southern California high school by the Pirates for a then-record bonus of \$100,000. But Pettit hurt his arm before he won a major league game, and his lifetime record is 1-2 for parts of two seasons. He finished as a minor league first baseman.

There have been few more auspicious debuts than Karl Spooner's. In his first game with the Dodgers, in September of 1954, the lefthanded Spooner, 23, shut out the Giants on three hits and struck out 15. In his next appearance, on the final day of the season, he shut out the Pirates and struck out 12. He hurt his arm the next spring and lasted but one more year in the majors.

The two most notable sore arms in baseball history belonged to earlier heroes. In 1912 Smokey Joe Wood had a season that stands comparison with the best of Matty's, the Big Train's or anyone else's. Wood won 34 that year and lost five. He struck out 258 batters in 344 innings, had 10 shutouts, completed 35 of 38 starts, had an earned run average of 1.91 and stopped a Walter Johnson 16-game winning streak. That 1-0 victory was the 14th in a Wood winning streak that also eventually reached 16. Asked to compare his fastball to Smokey Joe's, Johnson replied, "Listen, my friend, there's no man alive can throw harder than Smokey Joe Wood." In the World Series that year Wood beat the Giants three times, defeating Christy Mathewson in the last game.

Wood recalled this transcendent season on Lawrence S. Ritter's *The Glory of Their Times*: "So there I was after the 1912 season—including the World Series, I'd won 37 games and lost only six, struck out 279 men in days when the boys didn't strike out much and I'd beaten Walter Johnson and Christy Mathewson one after the other. And do you know how old I was? Well, I was 23 years old, that's all. The brightest future ahead of me that anybody could imagine in their wildest dreams. And do you know something else? That was it. That was it, right then and there. My arm went bad the next year, and all my dreams came tumbling down around my ears like a damn house of cards. The next five years, seems like it was nothing but one long terrible nightmare."

Wood fell fielding a ground ball in the spring of 1913 and fractured the thumb

on his pitching hand. His hand was in a cast for several weeks, and he apparently tried to pitch too soon after it was removed, for he instantly felt "a terrific amount of pain in my right shoulder." He visited "hundreds of doctors" over the next three years, but his arm never came back. After trying to pitch, he said, "I couldn't lift my arm as high as my belt. Had to use my left hand to put my right into my coat pocket. And if I'd go to a movie in the evening, I couldn't get my right arm up high enough to put it on the armrest." Wood retired from baseball in 1916, at the age of 27, and then came back the following year as an outfielder and utility man, going hitless in 10 games. He quit for good in 1922, a courageous, ill-fated figure, destined at 33 to be regarded as a relic. "I'd hear fathers tell their kids, 'See that guy over there?' That's Smokey Joe Wood. Used to be a great pitcher long time ago."

Dizzy Dean was 26 when he started for the National League in the 1937 All-Star Game. In his first five full major league seasons, Dean had won 18, 20, 30, 28 and 24 games for the Cardinals. He had struck out 17 batters in a game and had beaten Detroit twice in the 1934 Series. His '34 season was nearly the equal of Wood's in 1912. He was 30-7, with an earned run average of 2.66 and a league-leading strikeout total of 195. By 1937 he was the game's most flamboyant personality, a hillbilly braggadocio who made good on his most preposterous boasts, a Country and Western singer, a practical joker and, with it all, a young man of considerable charm.

Dean challenged the hitters, strength to strength, his fastball against their power. In the first inning of the '37 All-Star Game, he had won the challenge against the mighty Lou Gehrig, striking him out swinging. In the third, he lost. Gehrig drove one of Dean's fastballs over the rightfield fence for a two-run homer. Anxious to erase this embarrassment with another strikeout, Dean challenged the next batter, Earl Averill of Cleveland, with his "high hard one." Baseball would have been the better had Averill also hit a homer. Instead, he slugged a vicious liner directly at Dean. The ball struck him on the big toe of his left foot and caromed into the glove of Second Baseman Billy Herman, who threw Averill out to retire the side. His three-inning assign-

continued

ment completed, Dean limped into the dugout, scarcely aware that his brilliant career had effectively ended.

Even so minor an injury as a broken toe requires time to heal, but Dean—and, it would seem, his employers—refused to take it seriously. With splints on his foot and wearing an oversized Chaplinesque shoe, Dean was back in action in two weeks. He was a comic figure, but a tragic one, too. "I ain't able to ease up a minute," he said years later in explaining what happened in his first game back. "Ben" a righthander, I come down with all my weight on my left leg, and every pitch is killin' me. Pain is stabbin' clean up to my hip. Because of this, I change my natural style and don't follow through with my body, so's I don't have to tromp down on my hurt foot. Instead, I cut a fast one loose jes' throwin' with my arm. As the ball left my hand, there was a loud crack in my shoulder, and my arm went numb down to my fingers. Nobody knowed it then, but Ol' Diz' great arm was never goin' to be the same again after that one pitch."

His injury was eventually diagnosed as an inflammation of the deltoid muscle at the point of insertion with the humerus—the bone of the upper arm. Dean had won 12 games at the All-Star break. He won one more that season and was traded the following April to the Cubs, for whom he won but 16 games in four years before he retired at 30. Of his pitching in those final humiliating seasons, Dean, ever the phrasemaker, was to say, "I couldn't break a pane of glass."

Dean also added to the lexicon of sports medicine. The "Dizzy Dean Syndrome" involves creating a second injury by favoring a first. Alas, Ol' Diz and Smokey Joe were as much victims of their time as of bad breaks (thumb and toe) and poor judgment. It is inconceivable that today any team physician would permit either of them to pitch so soon after his injury. There is also every chance that modern surgical techniques might have restored both pitchers to something approaching their former skills. The sore arm has hardly gone the way of smallpox, but it is not incurable.

"Ten to 15 years ago you didn't see many major league pitchers with scars on their arms," says Dr. Jobe. "Now you see quite a few. The players recognize that what they have is a career. Their earning capacity is so very high that they are more willing to take the risk of sur-

gery. They are beginning to understand something about the importance of sports medicine. And I think doctors now have a better understanding of what a pitcher's arm must do. More surgeons know the game; the Baseball Physicians' Association has contributed to the exchange of knowledge and to more meticulous techniques and care.

"In the old days there was a tendency to bring a pitcher back too soon. Now we know the value of proper rest and rehabilitation, and we are working on preventative measures all the time. We are analyzing the pitcher's motion from a scientific standpoint—step by step with high-speed cameras. We'd like to find out what makes up a pitching motion, how much body, how much arm. Good body mechanics are extremely important—the position of the arm, the transfer of the weight, bringing the trunk around at the proper time. A good pitching coach can help avert injuries."

Sports medicine is scarcely a new field. The late Dr. George E. Bennett of Baltimore was treating ballplayers as early as 1910, and two of his articles, "The Prevention and Treatment of Athletic Injuries" (*American Physical Education Review*, May 1925) and "Shoulder and Elbow Lesions of the Professional Baseball Pitcher" (*Journal of the American Medical Association*, Aug. 16, 1941) are still considered important. Dr. Don O'Donoghue of the University of Oklahoma was practicing sports medicine in the early 1930s, and Dr. Kerlan himself began in 1947.

But it has been only recently that sports medicine has become a recognized discipline of its own. There are knee men now, and back men and neck men and foot men. Dr. Jobe, 52, a friendly, copper-haired orthopedist, is the ranking arm man. He has been associated since 1964 with Dr. Kerlan, who no longer performs surgery but is an invaluable diagnostician, and has been the Dodgers' team physician since 1968. But Dr. Jobe's patients are referred to him from virtually every major league team, a fact he dismisses as a mere accident of geography. "Most ballplayers seem to live in Southern California, and that is where I practice," he says. Dr. Jobe has operated on more than 100 pitching arms, including those of John, Busby, Gary Nolan, Geoff Zahn, John D'Aquisto,

Bill Travers, Mike Caldwell and, early this season, Wayne Garland. "Most of the things I do can be performed by any competent orthopedic surgeon," he insists. "I've been fortunate enough to have some rather well-known patients." But as John, his most notable patient, has said, "When your Mercedes-Benz breaks down, you don't take it to the corner garage. When your arm breaks down, you don't go to any doctor. You go to Dr. Jobe."

The first of the two operations Dr. Jobe performed on John was hailed, in baseball circles at least, as a medical first. Actually, Dr. Jobe says it represented "fairly common orthopedic procedure," although he concedes that "to my knowledge, this was the first time it had been used with a pitcher." That makes John's recovery a considerable medical triumph, because it is safe to assume that none of the other patients who have undergone this "fairly common orthopedic procedure" have subsequently put anywhere near the amount of stress on his renewed limb as John has on his.

In throwing that fateful pitch to Breeden, John ruptured the medial collateral ligament of the elbow, which performs the function, in Dr. Jobe's words, of "keeping the elbow from flying apart." Thus John was not being entirely fanciful when he said he had the sense that his arm was taking leave of his body. "It is a short, stubby ligament," Dr. Jobe says, "and when I went to repair it, because of the long years of wear, there was nothing left to repair. I had to look elsewhere for a substitute." He found it in the palmaris longus tendon of John's right wrist, which no more than 75% of us have and which does little more than bring wrinkles to the palm of the hand.

Dr. Jobe asked Dr. Herbert Stark, a specialist in hand and wrist surgery, to assist during the operation on John's arm, which took place on Sept. 25, 1974. The tendon from the pitcher's right wrist was transferred to his left elbow and asked to disguise itself as a ligament. A tendon attaches bone to muscle; a ligament connects bone to bone. "The real worry," says Dr. Jobe, "was whether the body would accept it as a substitute."

John's body was deceived, and the tendon became part of the left elbow. Unfortunately, additional surgery was needed to arrest nerve deterioration in the afflicted area. The more critical operation to reposition the nerve in the elbow

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was performed on Dec. 18. John's pitching arm had been under the knife twice within three months, and the prognosis was unpromising. "Dr. Jobe advised me to look for something to do outside of baseball," John recalls. "He told me he didn't think I'd ever pitch again."

John does not look like a medical miracle. He is a tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired Hoosier-turned-Californian. His brimming self-confidence is softened somewhat by a slight, affecting stammer. But John is also a realist, and he knows how near his career was to ending and how his life might have been changed. He is 35 now, and still pitching, contrary to what most people predicted four years ago. Sprawled across a chair in the living room of his ranch-style house, hard by the 9th tee of the Yorba Linda Country Club, he recently recalled the most trying period of his life.

"The second operation was the real kicker," he said. "If the first hadn't succeeded, I would have been able to lead a normal life. I just wouldn't have been able to pitch. If the second had failed, I would have had a hand like a claw. I wouldn't have been able to open doors, swing a golf club. I would have had to learn how to do some things righthanded. But God must have been looking out for me, because that nerve damage kept me from pitching in 1975, and that was the best thing that could have happened to my arm. I was in a cast for 16 weeks. When I got out of it, I couldn't grip a baseball. I couldn't pinch a clothespin. I was told by a neurologist that a nerve grows an inch a month, and I had about 16 inches of nerve to regenerate."

John would not accept Dr. Jobe's forecast. "I told him, 'You're a great doctor and I believe in you. But you're wrong. I will come back. You did an excellent job inside my arm. Now it's up to me. I know how much pain my body can stand—and it's quite a bit. I know how hard I can work, and if it takes 18 hours a day, I'll do it. I will come back.'"

His comeback was one of the most astonishing in the history of sports, the stuff that Jimmy Stewart-June Allyson movies were made of. And John's wife Sally did play a role familiar to connoisseurs of old films.

"Sally got out her old softball glove and started playing catch with me in the front yard as soon as I was able to throw," says John. Lobs the ball no more than 30 feet to his wife was the best John could

manage in the first stages of his arduous rehabilitation. He had so little use of his fingers that he could not get his thumb on the ball, and, says Sally, "his forearm was no bigger around than mine." With a withered arm and a clawlike hand, John reported to the Dodgers' spring training camp in 1975. His teammates were staggered by his appearance. "He couldn't throw a ball from here to that chair," says Don Sutton, gesturing to a folding chair in the Dodger clubhouse no more than 15 feet away.

John began his spring training by awkwardly throwing balls against a concrete wall, fielding the rebounds and throwing again. He could have been a city kid playing catch with himself against a stoop. This ritual completed, he would put his rebuilt elbow in ice, as if he had just completed nine innings. Gradually he increased the distance from 30 to 75 feet. He worked with weights to strengthen atrophied muscles, and he ran. And ran. John took up jogging some 10 years ago, and he now runs as many as eight miles daily. His legs, so vital to his pitching, have never been a problem.

When the Dodgers broke camp, John stayed behind, throwing against the wall and running. When he joined them 10 days into the season, he felt confident enough to try throwing to another human being, bullpen Catcher Mark Cresse. Red Adams, the pitching coach, offered counsel, though he was among those who saw little chance of John's pitching again. "It was a bleak-looking situation," Adams says, remembering John's pathetic efforts. "What worried me was his hand. He had trouble even holding the ball. But his undying faith was remarkable."

To grip the ball properly, John had to tape the first two fingers of his left hand together and then, with his right hand, force his left thumb onto the ball and mold the claw to the correct size. He was like a man with a mechanical hand. Remarkably, his pitching motion was unaltered, so there seemed little chance of his further damaging his arm. By June, John felt encouraged enough to try throwing batting practice. "It took all that time just to throw hard enough to pitch B.P.," says John, "but I didn't do so badly. Of course, I didn't throw a lot of strikes."

"If he was ever discouraged, he masked it well," says teammate Steve Garvey. "A lot of guys would've been embarrassed to do what he did. There were

days when he wasn't close to the plate."

John traveled with the team, pitching batting practice every day for 15 minutes and throwing for another half hour or more to Adams or Cresse in the bullpen. His arm was stronger, but the nerve controlling his fingers was still not responding. John realized that if he could not regain full use of his hand, his hopes for pitching again would be dashed. "Then one day in July it happened," he says. "I was preparing to throw when I discovered I could bend my fingers. I hadn't been able to do that since the first operation in September. I knew then it was just a matter of time. I had cleared the biggest hurdle."

He did not regain complete use of the hand until February of 1976, less than a month before spring training. This time, however, he went to Vero Beach confident of making the team. He had tested his fingers in the Arizona Instructional League and had pitched well against rookies. Now he had to convince Alston that he was once again major league material. Alston and the other Dodgers noticed that, against all odds, John was putting some pop onto his fastball. Pity was supplanted by respect. He was activated for the 1976 season.

 In his first start, on April 16 in Atlanta, he hung a curveball to Darrell Evans, who hit it for a three-run homer. John did not give up another run in the five innings he pitched. He threw seven shutout innings against Houston in his second start, and in his third—which was also his first at Dodger Stadium in nearly two years—he had a shutout working against the Pirates into the eighth inning. But he gave up a double and a single and was taken out. As he returned to the dugout the fans rose to cheer and applauded him. Tommy John was back.

He won 10 games in 1976 and had a 3.09 earned run average. He was the winner of the National League Comeback Player of the Year award. Last season he became a 20-game winner for the first time, pitched in his first playoff and World Series games and finished second to Steve Carlton in the Cy Young Award voting. This year he has won 12 games. Teammates and opponents contend that he is a far better pitcher now than he was before he hurt his arm. "I know they had to graft a new arm on John," says Pete Rose, exaggerating a bit, "but did

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they have to give him Sandy Koufax?"

Steve Busby suffered from the Impingement Syndrome, in which the rotator cuff does not slide smoothly on the top of the shoulder. His swollen right rotator cuff muscle was being pinched between the acromion (the outer extension of the shoulder blade) and the humerus. He also had bone spurs on the back of the shoulder and some deterioration of the shoulder socket. Dr. Jobe operated on Busby on July 19, 1976. To create room for the pinched muscle, he shaved off a thin slice of bone from underneath the acromion on top of Busby's shoulder. A small portion of the deltoid muscle was peeled back in the process and then reattached. Once again Dr. Jobe's prognosis was gloomy. Busby, too, was advised to seek employment elsewhere. Rotator cuff injuries had ended the careers of the Yankees' Mel Stottlemyre, the Mets' George Stone, the Dodgers' Don Drysdale and Ron Perranoski, a relief pitcher for four different teams. In fact, no pitcher was known to have sufficiently recovered from significant rotator cuff damage to play again in the majors. Nonetheless, like John before him, Busby was not about to pack it in.

Busby did not attempt to throw a ball for four months, until November of 1976, when he began playing catch in his yard. Last year, he reported early to spring training and found he could throw well enough to pitch batting practice, although with discomfort. His muscles were not recovering as they should, and he was sore after even the lightest workout. He was returned to the disabled list on April 1, reinstated on May 4 and then assigned to Kansas City's Class A Daytona Beach farm team for additional conditioning. He pitched in only one game in 1977, for Daytona Beach, allowing five runs in three innings. At midseason he returned to Southern California, where he is one of John's neighbors in Yorba Linda, and on Aug. 8 he underwent surgery again, this time for a high school knee injury that had been acting up.

In November 1977 Busby began working out with a number of other convalescent players—notably, Fred Lynn, Frank Tanana and Bobby Grich—at the Los Angeles Rams' training quarters in Long Beach. He was in excellent shape when he reported for spring training this year, and his early efforts were heartening. "Every time out something seemed

to improve," he says, "and it all culminated when Whitey told me I'd made the club. I felt I could contribute."

Busby started against Cleveland on April 9 and did not allow a run in 5½ innings, giving up two hits and walking three. It was an encouraging beginning. "But in my next start everything began to fall apart," he says. "I was losing velocity and control. One of my pitches was clocked at only 55 miles an hour. I felt embarrassed. I threw as poorly as I can remember anyone throwing in the major leagues. My arm felt good, but the ball just wasn't going anywhere." He pitched only 10½ innings in four starts for the Royals, allowing 12 runs on 14 hits and 10 walks. His earned run average was 10.12.

On April 28 Herzog told Busby he had been optioned to the Royals' Triple A team in Omaha. "I had considered the possibility," Busby says. "I knew I had to do something, but when Whitey told me, it was very difficult to take." Busby debated with himself for two days whether he wanted to keep on struggling, with no guarantees he could ever come back to what he had been. He decided to go to Omaha. "I don't want to prolong this thing," he says. "If there is progress to be made, it should be made reasonably soon. If I don't have the ability to pitch anymore, we should find out."

Bill Fischer, the Royals' minor league pitching instructor, fiddled with the videotape machine in the visiting manager's office at Denver's Mile High Stadium. "This will show it," he mumbled. "It's just a little mechanical thing in his motion. If Buzz still had a sore arm, he wouldn't be throwing the way he is. Hell, the other night he had more velocity on his breaking ball than on his fastball. If his arm was still hurting, it'd be just the opposite. No way he could throw the way he's throwing if his arm was bad. You can't hide a sore arm."

Busby had survived only 3½ innings against the Denver Bears two nights earlier. He had given up six earned runs. It was the worst showing of what was proving to be an erratic minor league season. In his previous appearance, he had shut out Evansville for eight innings, allowing only two hits and throwing 92 pitches before leaving the game. The Royals want him to throw no more than 100 pitches per outing until he has established the durability of his rebuilt shoulder. Bus-

by, affable in good times and bad, was not entirely displeased with what he had accomplished since being sent down. He had seen, he said, "possibilities."

Fischer had the machine functioning. A pitcher winding up flickered onto the screen. "Buzz, come in here," Fischer called into the clubhouse. Busby stepped into the room, looking worried. He is a handsome young man with a tanned, boyish face that would seem peckish save for an air of solemnity. If leading men ever come back, Busby has a future.

"Now watch this, Buzz," Fischer said, directing Busby's attention to the image on the screen. "See where you're breaking your hands? Too late, too late. And in the wrong position. They're not out in front of your body where they should be. They're off to the side and down too low. It's slowing your arm down. Your body is going forward while your arm is still going back. You're throwing off-balance. Your arm is rushing to catch up. That's why you're losing power and coming in high all the time."

Fischer smiled proudly. "You're right," said Busby, watching his tiny self on the screen. "It looks like a minor thing, but it's had major consequences. I guess I'm suffering from a kind of mental rustiness. It's back to fundamentals for me, back to learning what I learned in the Little Leagues. In all those months I wasn't pitching. I not only forgot some of my bad habits, I forgot good ones too."

"Sure, sure," said Fischer. "If you haven't pitched in two years, your memory fails. C'mon, let's go throw a few."

It was late afternoon, several hours before the game that night between Denver and Omaha, and the great stadium, in the fall the site of Bronco mania, was empty. Tier upon tier of red, yellow, green, blue and orange seats rose up above the two men as they walked across the green turf in earnest conversation. Omaha Manager John Sullivan was waiting for them in the visitors' bullpen. "O K, Buzz," he said, "let's have a look."

Catcher Art Kusner squatted behind the plate, and Busby, looking a little unsure about what was expected of him, stepped onto the mound. "Tell me if I'm doing it again," he said. He went into his motion and once again separated his right hand from his glove near his right hip. Fischer rushed forward. "Look, it's like you're a quarterback," he said, drop-

continued



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ping back as if to pass, left arm bent in front of him. "You break your throwing hand away and keep the other one out front. You've developed a little swing there off to the side. Get those hands out in front of you. When your knee comes up, the hands go away."

Busby threw again. This time his hands broke at his chest. "That's too soon, isn't it?" he inquired. "Not much. Do it again," said Fischer.

Busby began to work smoothly now, his body moving rhythmically, his hands separating in front of him. He was throwing at three-quarter speed, but the ball was exploding in Kusner's mitt.

"That's it! That's it!" Fischer called out in encouragement.

Busby threw for 12 minutes, the pitches faster and more accurate near the end of the workout. He stopped, wiped his brow with his pitching hand—a feat he could not perform during much of 1976—and announced himself satisfied. "I think it's coming along," he said. And he trotted off to shag fly balls.

"I just know that's the answer," said Fischer, walking briskly toward the batting cage. "I know it." He stopped and watched Busby take his place in leftfield. He shook his head and continued walking. "Just a little mechanical thing," Fischer said, convincing himself. "That's it, all right. I'll tell you one thing. I'll bet my wife, home and car he'll be back. I just know he'll be back."

Maybe so, but not yet. In the weeks since that workout in Denver, Busby's pitching mechanics and the speed of his deliveries have improved somewhat. But his record—3-7 with a 5.15 ERA—has been poor. It and a freak back injury, now cured, resulted in his being sent to Sarasota in the Gulf Coast League, the lowest level of the minors. The Royals have kept him on their 40-man roster, which means Busby will be eligible to return to Kansas City in September, when the 25-man limit is lifted. But will the Royals choose to bring him back?

Busby, irrepressible as always, thinks they might. "I'm still optimistic," he says. "I'm throwing harder. I'm breaking the ball harder. But I'm not ready to throw my hardest. I've got to get back my strength to do that, and my mechanics have to be just right before I can work on strength. My motion is pretty good. I just need to work on it some more." He said all this as he packed his bags a week ago for the trip down to Sarasota. **END**

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It's Horner at the hot corner

Bob Horner came off the Arizona State campus to play third base for Atlanta



Horner has 10 homers and 34 RBIs in 49 games

After their first meeting, Bob Hope, the publisher for the Atlanta Braves, sensed that 20-year-old Bob Horner would generate some excitement. On June 6 the Braves, who had first pick in the free-agent draft, chose Horner, a slugging junior infielder from Arizona State, and 10 days later—a week after Horner made the final out against victorious USC in the College World Series—Horner was to play third base for Atlanta in a game against Pittsburgh. So Hope met Horner in a corner of the Braves' clubhouse "to find out some of the little quirks about him."

"How long have you wanted to be a big league ballplayer?" asked Hope.

"Since I was four."

"What do you like to watch on television?"

"I don't watch TV. Only baseball games."

"How about books?" What's your favorite?"

"I don't really read many books."

"Movies? Who's your favorite movie star?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe John Wayne."

That was all Hope could take. "John Wayne" he recalled later with horror on his face. "Can you believe that? I expected him to say John Travolta, Woody Allen, anybody. He's got to be the only 20-year-old in America who likes John Wayne. You know what that kid is? He's a baseball player. And that's it."

"I'm just an average person," says Horner.

Those who have seen the 6' 1", 205-pound John Wayne fan take a poke at a fastball—including the Pirates' Bert Blyleven, who was tagged for a homer by Horner in that first game—think otherwise. Horner hit 25 homers in 60 games for Arizona State this season and 56 in his three-year college career—both NCAA records—while batting .387.

Blond, blue-eyed, curly-haired and bull-necked, Horner has tremendous power, a keen eye and a hard, compact swing that has been compared to those of Harmon Killebrew, Eddie Mathews, Greg Luzinski, Sal Bando and Atlanta teammate Jeff Burroughs, the National League's leading batter. In the 49 games he has played for the Braves, Horner has hit 10 homers and batted in 34 runs, placing him fourth in both those categories among his teammates, most of whom

have played in twice as many games. If Horner maintains the same pace for the rest of the season, he will finish with 23 homers and 68 RBIs. And Horner is no slouch when it comes to hitting for average. After going one for one against the Astros on Sunday—his 21st birthday—he raised his average to .278.

"Nobody's ever come straight into the majors and done what he's done," crows Braves' owner Ted Turner. "So all he is is the best there ever was."

Because Horner is simply a ballplayer, which he has been almost all his life, suddenly finding himself a big league power hitter is not unbelievable, just a little "weird." Last Tuesday, when the Cincinnati Reds were in Atlanta, Pete Rose, who was looking to extend his hitting streak to 45 games, made a special point of socking out "the kid third basemen" to stick him with a needle.

"Be ready, kid," said Rose. "I might make you handle a bunt tonight."

"Come on, Pete," Horner said right back. "Try me."

Rose never did get a hint down, but he did send a line drive Horner's way, which the rookie speared with a lunge to his right and turned into a double play. Rose went oh-for-four, the streak ended, and the Reds lost 16-4. Horner had three hits, including the game winner, a three-run homer off Pedro Borbon, his fifth in six games.

If Horner seems nonchalant about his success, perhaps it is because he is as comfortable with the major league cliché as he is with the fastball. "I'm just swiping the bat real good," he says, or "seeing the ball real good," or "putting my best foot forward." The Braves, however, are nothing short of ecstatic. "What can I say?" says Manager Bobby Cox. "He's one of the major cogs in our offense. He has one of the best swings I've ever seen. He makes it easier for everybody—for Burroughs, for Gary Matthews, for our pitchers, for me."

He has also kept the heat off scouting director Paul Snyder and vice-president in charge of baseball operations Bill Lucas, who made the decision to move Horner directly to the big club. Not to mention Turner, who would have had to convince critics that playing Horner was not just another gate-hyping stunt. "Horner was the heaviest scouted player in the history of this organization," says Snyder. "We felt we could not afford to

continued

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make a mistake with the No. 1 pick in the draft."

The Braves needed someone who could play third base—where Barry Bonds and Rod Gilbert, among others, had proved inadequate—and someone who could drive in runs. The consensus of opinion from eight scouts, plus Snyder and Lucas, was that Horner would eventually be good for 26 to 29 home runs a year.

Lucas' instinct was to start Horner off in Double-A ball at Savannah, where he could get used to his new position. In college, Horner had played mostly at second base and shortstop.

"That sounded about right to me," says Horner. "Coming out of college, I didn't want to do something I wasn't ready for. What you dream about and what comes true are two different things. I knew that when I got to the majors I would want to stay. I didn't want to have all my hopes shattered like one of them David Clydes—stay a year and then go down."

But when Horner came to Atlanta to sign, he saw things differently. "I went down to the clubhouse and out on the field," he says, "and got a completely different perspective. When you see guys like Johnny Bench or George Foster on *Monday Night Baseball*, they look like supermen. Unreal. Down there I saw for myself how they look and what they do. They looked just like me."

Horner went back to Lucas and said he felt he was ready to play for the Braves after all. Lucas didn't want to blow the signing and have Horner go back to school. "What if it doesn't work out?" Lucas asked Horner. "Then I'll go wherever you say," Horner replied. "He had so much confidence," says Lucas, "that I had to believe him."

Horner took his first batting practice in a Braves' uniform the next day, an off day for the Atlanta team. "Of his first 12 swings, six balls ended up in the blue seats," says Snyder. "I never felt such jubilation in my life." The next night Horner was batting fifth and playing third base against the Pirates.

"It was weird, it really was," says Horner. "Guys came up one by one and introduced themselves. Nobody knew who I was." At least one was skeptical. "I just heard the same stuff I hear about the No. 1 pick every year," says Burroughs. "I wished him good luck and hoped he wouldn't embarrass himself."

"When I walked out onto the field for batting practice," says Horner, "I felt like I was playing a different game. In a way I was, since I had been using an aluminum bat for the last three years. Then when they announced my name in the lineup I got a big ovation from the fans. That sort of shook me."

His first two times up Horner hit a grounder to short and flied out to centerfield. Just before Horner's third at bat, his father Jim, an automotive parts salesman, called the Atlanta press box from the family's home in Glendale, Ariz. to see how Bob was doing. "Hang on," said a Braves' aide, "he's coming up right now." Jim Horner heard a sudden explosion of cheers. "You won't believe this," the aide said, "but he just hit a home run off Blyleven."

Horner has been learning how to play third base under the tutelage of Clete Boyer, the former Yankee Golden Glover who also tutors the rest of the Braves' "Infant Infield"—Shortstop Jerry Roster (25), First Baseman Dale Murphy (22) and Second Baseman Glenn Hubbard (20), who has missed the last 14 games with an arm injury.

"That's our future," says Cox, the rookie manager who inherited a team that finished dead last in 1977 with a 61-101 record and now has the Braves within eight games of .500 at 51-59. "Two or three years and we'll be right there."

"Two or three years, hell," says Turner. "How many games we got left, 50? Will 99 wins get us a pennant? Those teams out there better be worried."

THE WEEK

(July 30-Aug. 5)

by MELISSA LUTKE LINCOLN

AL WEST Before Kansas City (2-4) arrived in Cleveland for a three-game series, George Brett, the Royals' third baseman who was on the disabled list with a chipped bone in his right hand, said on national television that the team wouldn't miss him because "we're going into an easy part of the schedule." Aroused by Brett's remarks, the Indians took three straight from Kansas City. Then lowly Toronto made it four straight by rallying for two runs in the ninth to win 5-4. Larry Gura (9-2) ended the Royals' streak by beating the Blue Jays 5-3.

Second-place California (5-3) and third-place Oakland (4-3) split a four-game series. In the opening game Frank Tanana, the Angels' 14-game winner, lost 2-0 as the A's Matt Keough (7-7) won for the first time since the All-Star break. Nolan Ryan came next, and Oakland beat him 1-0 as Rick Langford (4-7) struck out 11. California came back as Don Asse (8-6) and Paul Hertzler (3-6) defeated the A's 8-2 and 8-1, respectively. Oakland also split with Seattle, and California took two of three from Minnesota.

Five straight losses convinced Texas (2-4) it needed outside help. So Lou Tiche, a clinical psychologist from the Pacific Institute in Seattle, came by to chat with players, coaches, front-office personnel, manager, trainer and wives. Then he watched as Ferguson Jenkins blanked Cleveland 8-0 and former Indian John Lowenstein hit a two-run home run with two out in the 12th for a 4-3 Ranger victory.

Minnesota (2-5) got no help from Umpire Vic Vottaggio. In the Twins' 3-1 loss to Seattle (4-2), Manager Gene Mauch was ejected for disputing one of Vottaggio's safe calls at second base. The next night Vottaggio enraged Mauch when he gave Manner Leon Roberts his 17th home run even though the replay clearly showed the hit to be a ground-rule double. The Twins lost that one 6-5.

Mike Proby of Chicago (4-3) pitched a complete-game victory over Boston in his first major league start. But his teammate, 19-year-old Bruh Barns, who three months ago was 20-1 in high school, lost his first start 7-0 to the Tigers.

KC 69-47 CAL 60-52 OAK 57-54 TEX 51-56 MINN 46-61 CH 45-62 SEA 40-70

AL EAST After three innings, Boston (4-3) trailed New York 5-0, and it appeared that the slumping Red Sox would lose for the 12th time in 15 games. However, at 1:15 a.m. the game was tied at 5-5 after 14 innings—and play was suspended until 8 p.m. because in the American League no inning can start after 1 a.m. That woke up the Red Sox. The next night Bob Stanley (6-1) pitched three perfect innings and Boston stroked four singles to win the suspended game 7-5 in 17 innings. Mike Torrez (13-6) then added insult to injury by beating his old club for the first time, 6-1, with home runs help from Jim Rice, Fred Lynn and Bob Bailey. Rice's league-leading 25th home run was his second in 33 games and the team's first in the last seven.

Milwaukee (3-3) Manager George Bamberger was 52 years old when his Brewers ended their 5-5 suspended game in Baltimore. But when play resumed two nights later Bamberger was 53—and he got only half of his birthday wish. Milwaukee lost the suspended game 6-5 in 10 innings, but in the regularly scheduled game Mike Caldwell (14-5) won

continued

his seventh in a row, Larry Hsieh hit his 24th home run, Sal Bando hit his 12th and the Brewers beat the Orioles 5-3. Back home Friday Larry Sorensen (13-8) stopped Boston 6-2 on a six-hitter as Hsieh and Bando hit back-to-back first-inning home runs, Gorman Thomas hit his 25th and Cecil Cooper his eighth as the Brewers posted the Red Sox for the major league lead in home runs with 123. The next day Boston regained the home-run lead 124-123 in Jerry Remy, Dwight Evans and Carl Yastrzemski swathed homers in an 8-1 win that also enabled the Red Sox to regain their six-game lead over the second-place Brewers.

Before Dennis Martinez started against the Brewers, Baltimore (3-3) Pitching Coach Ray Miller called his wife in Ohio and had her read him some old scouting charts on Martinez, who had won only one of his previous eight starts. Miller concluded that Martinez no longer was tucking his arms behind his front leg in the windup. Problem solved: Martinez struck out a career-high 10 and won 2-1 on Eddie Murray's 21st home run in the 10th. In all, Murray had 10 hits in 36 at bats. Ed Fajardo (11-7) and a revitalized Catfish Hunter (4-4) both pitched four-hit victories for New York (4-4) over Texas, but Ron Gundy failed twice to win his 16th game. However, Gundy struck out 10 in each game and leads the league with 173. He also lowered his league-leading ERA to 1.98.

Every year Detroit (5-1) seems to unveil a pitching sensation who was not on the roster in training camp. This year's Mark Fidrych and Dave Rozema is righthander Kip Young, who checked Chicago 7-1 for his third complete-game win in his third big league start. Veteran Jack Billingham (11-5) then stopped Chicago 7-0 on four hits.

Cleveland (3-3) took three straight from Kansas City, then dropped two to Texas. Toronto (2-3) completed its best month ever (13-18 in July) with an 8-7, 14-inning win over Detroit.

BOXES 40 MEL 61-65 BAL 60-68
NY 60-49 DET 59-49 CLE 51-56 TOR 40-68

NL WEST Threatening to make it a four-team division race, San Diego (5-1) put together its first 10-game winning streak. The Padres couldn't have chosen a more opportune time. In three one-run victories, San Diego held the Dodgers to only four runs. In the first game Eric Rasmussen (10-6) combined with Rollie Fingers for a 4-3 win. Next former Cy Young winner Randy Jones (9-9) fashioned a seven-hitter to shut out the Dodgers, 1-0. After that game L. A. Outfielder Reggie Smith said, "The Padres have never done a thing in their life and now they're popping off by saying it's a four-team race. What are they—they giggle out? It might as well be 30 games out." Bob Ojwinski silenced Smith and the rest of the

Dodgers the next night, allowing only five hits as the Padres won 2-1, with Fingers notching another save.

Slumping Los Angeles (1-6) flew north for a showdown with first-place San Francisco (5-3). After two more one-run losses the Dodgers trailed the Giants by 4½ games, but Bob Welch pitched L.A. back to within 3½ games on Saturday (game 20).

Second place now belongs to Cincinnati (4-2)—and to its third baseman, Pete Rose. On Tuesday, Atlanta's Gene Garber struck out Rose to end the game in a 16-4 win for the Braves and Rose's consecutive-game hitting streak at 44. That left Rose tied for second place with Woe Willie Keeler, both 12 games shy of Joe DiMaggio's record. The next night Cincy won 6-2 in Rose, showing that "I can hit with the pressure off," connected for a double, two singles and a home run in his first four at bats. He is now batting .318 and is in a virtual tie with Atlanta's Jeff Burroughs for the National League batting lead. Rookie Mike LaCoss (3-1) stopped San Diego's winning streak 7-1 by throwing a four-hitter.

Once Rose left town, the crowds left Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. More than 100,000 watched the Braves (2-5) drop two of three to Cincinnati, but only some 30,000 watched them duplicate that feat against Houston. Knuckleballer Phil Niekro (13-11), who was the victim as Rose extended his streak to 44 in the Braves' 3-2 loss to the Reds, came back to strike out 12 and pitch his 15th complete game as the Braves beat the Astros 7-2.

On the same night that the Braves' Niekro was pitching to Rose, Houston's Niekro, brother Joe (9-8), kept chewing away on his wad of tobacco. "If all goes well I'll use the same wad the whole game," he said, "but if I have a bad inning I'll throw it away and start over." One wad was enough as Niekro beat San Francisco 4-1, allowing only two singles. The next night J. R. Richard (11-9) held the Giants to four hits in a 4-2 win; he also struck out 11 to raise his league-leading total to 205. Enos Cabell had the game-winning hit, and the next day he had a new five-year contract. Two wins in Atlanta lifted Houston (5-2) from the division cellar for the first time since July 7.

SF 66-45 CIN 64-45 LA 62-48
SD 57-53 HOU 51-58 ATL 50-59

NL EAST Philadelphia (3-3) had another backslider wad, and Manager Danny Ozark was hopping mad. "Sometimes the hitters just remind me of a popcorn machine," said Ozark, referring to a Phillies lineup that has scored almost 80 fewer runs than the team did last year by this time. Mike Schmidt and Greg Luzmarski showed no signs of coming out of their batting slumps (both are hitting below .260,

Garry Maddux is in the midst of a 10-for-54 slump, but at least he got his hits at the right time. Maddux' three-run homer helped the Phillies beat New York 8-6, and his run-scoring triple was all Larry Christensen (18-10) needed to defeat Pittsburgh 2-0.

Chicago (4-3) went through a hitting drought, too, but stayed 3½ games behind Philadelphia. Of the Cubs' lost 233 hits, 199 have been singles. But Bill Buckner (13-23) made his court: he had a pair of run-scoring singles in a 4-2 win over St. Louis, a tie-breaking single to beat the Cardinals 3-2 and a seventh-inning single that capped a two-run rally as the Cubs beat the Expos 6-4. Dave Kingman provided the Cubs with their only home run, it was his 17th, and it followed his 16th by five weeks. Bruce Sutter saved two games, increasing his total to 20 and lowering his ERA to 1.67.

Pittsburgh's (3-3) Dave Parker broke an 0-for-26 slump when he hit his 16th home run and a single in a 5-3 win over the Dodgers as the Pirates broke a seven-game losing streak.

Montreal (4-2) had no hitting woes, but

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROLLIE FINGERS: The Padres reliever saved four games to raise his league-leading total to 26. In 6½ innings Fingers struck out eight and allowed only two hits. He has not permitted a run in his last seven outings.

Manager Dick Williams had some unkind things to say about his relievers. On Sunday the explosive Expos set mine and tied seven club records in a 19-0 wipeout of Atlanta. Third baseman Larry Parrish had three consecutive home runs in that game, and Warren Cromartie batted .565 for the week, hitting safely in all six games. The bullpen, aroused by the manager's discontent, contributed a win, a loss and two saves. But those saves still left the Expos with only 23 for the season—or three less than Rollie Fingers. Steve Rogers won his 12th game, beating the Pirates 4-3, and then signed a six-year contract for an estimated \$1.75 million.

New York (2-4) lost its winningest pitcher, Pat Zachry (10-6), for at least three weeks. Zachry, disgusted over a poor pitching performance, had kicked at a helmet, missed and cracked his foot against a dugout step.

St. Louis (1-5) lost to Chicago three more times, making it 12 straight to the Cubs this season. Said Cardinal General Manager Bing Devine, "When teams have a winning season, it's often the case of all their players having good years at the same time. I often wondered what it would be like the other way around. Now I know."

PHIL 57-47 CHIC 50-52 PIT 50-54
MONT 52-58 NY 47-64 STL 41-68

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They shook the rafters at Saratoga

After Alydar took the Whitney by 10 stunning lengths, the crowd at the old track rose to its feet, tumultuously applauding the runner-up who had won their affections

Saratoga racetrack has been in business for 115 years, and its patrons know horses. They watch them taking hesitant, green steps as 2-year-olds and then follow their development. Good horses return to Saratoga either as very talented 3-year-olds or as established 4-year-olds to run in a handicap race called the Whitney. By Saratoga's standards the Whitney, being just 51 years old, is only a pup. Its roll of winners, however, matches that of any race anywhere. Equipoise, Discovery, War Admiral, Tom Fool, Kelso, Carry Back, Gun Bow, Dr. Fager, Stymie, Ancient Title. In recent years Forego and Secretariat ran in the Whitney and lost. Through those 51 years only 10 runners have ever won the Whitney as 3-year-olds, but Alydar topped them all last Saturday.

When a 3-year-old competes in the Whitney he normally takes on light weight or else gets smothered by a more experienced horse that has been racing against older horses. Alydar carried 123 pounds in last Saturday's Whitney, meaning that on racing's scale of weights he was giving pounds away to some older horses. But that was only part of the story.

Saratoga reserves its affections for special horses. Native Dancer was one, Tom Fool another. Secretariat had 9,000 people waiting at the backstretch gate when he arrived by van from Belmont Park in his Triple Crown year of 1973, and last year when Forego appeared at the old track in upstate New York a crowd of 29,000 showed up in seeming rain just to wish him well.

People who attend the races at Saratoga are creatures of tradition. They don't need, expect or want rock bands in the paddock or giveaway programs or in-house television sets bubbling away throughout the afternoon. Before every race the horses are saddled under elm trees, each tree bearing a number corresponding to the one on the mount's saddlecloth. When Alydar was led from his barn on the backstretch for the Whitney, nearly 1,500 people had already gathered in a huge circle around the tree bearing his number.

Wisely, it was decided not to saddle Alydar by the tree because the throng

continues



Jorge Velazquez guided Alydar to victory against a field that included older horses like J. O. Tobin

was growing every moment. When he paraded to the post, the largest Whitney crowd in history, 31,034, applauded him. The horse started in the grandstand, moved down the track and into the clumps of fans in the infield. Then it stopped. Suddenly. The crowd was apprehensive. Was it giving its affection away too easily? Was Alydar, who finished second to Affirmed in the Triple Crown races, just another runner-up?

The field he was facing was good, if not superior. Alydar's eight opponents had won 27 stakes races, and it is difficult for a 3-year-old to give away weight in August. Saratoga's reputation as "the graveyard of favorites" has been justly earned.

Alydar was facing four interesting opponents. J. O. Tobin, carrying 128 pounds, was the most impressive because he had won races in England, California and New York and gained a reputation as one of the quickest horses anywhere. J. O. Tobin is trained by Laz Barrera, the man who trains Affirmed. Buckaroo, the only other 3-year-old in the race, was given a chance because his recent form had been excellent and he was getting 11 pounds from Alydar. True Statement and Nearly On Time also presented fairly impressive credentials. True Statement had won major stakes at Ak-Sar-Ben in Nebraska, and Nearly On Time was the winner of the 1977 Whitney.

In the days preceding the race there was no doubt that Trainer John Veitch was nervous about Alydar giving weight to older horses. "I thought about going to Monmouth Park and running Alydar against 3-year-olds for \$100,000 in the Invitational there," he said, "but I want to get a race over this track for Alydar before he faces Affirmed in the Travers [Aug. 19]. I'm aware that some people think I'm making the wrong move by running against older horses before running against Affirmed. But I believe Alydar is an excellent horse and the people at Saratoga should see him."

"Alydar has stood up throughout a long campaign. He's been running and winning since February. Even after his race with Affirmed in the Belmont he showed no bad signs. Two days after the Belmont he seemed full of himself and ready to go again. People thought he might have lost his confidence by losing the Triple Crown races, but I never

thought so. Neither did he. He went out to Arlington Park and won the Classic there by 13 lengths. He drew a big crowd and the fans liked him. Alydar has won four \$100,000 races this year, and how many horses do that in any year? I don't think it's silly to start him against older horses. A trainer has a responsibility to prove that his horse is good. I'm more confident and convinced about Alydar now than ever before."

Veitch's pre-race instructions to Jockey Jorge Velasquez were simple: "Be careful of J. O. Tobin at the break because he sometimes does strange things. Let him get the lead, but if you can get inside him in the stretch, do it. He tends to drift wide and there might be some room there. If we have to go by him on the outside, he could force Alydar too wide. George, just do what you have to do."

Alydar had drawn the outside post position and would have to leave the gate next to J. O. Tobin and Nearly On Time. When the gate opened, J. O. Tobin threw his head into the air and Nearly On Time cut in front of him. The two humped sharply and moved over on Alydar, who already was in trouble with 1½ miles to go.

On the first turn J. O. Tobin's rider, Jeff Fell, forced Alydar extremely wide and Buckaroo took off on the lead. After half a mile Buckaroo and Nearly On Time were fighting for the front-runner's spot with J. O. Tobin moving up on them menacingly. Alydar was back in sixth place but going about his business.

When Alydar made his move it was plain awesome. Velasquez took his mount in along the rail before the head of the stretch. Buckaroo and J. O. Tobin were leading but tiring and drifting out into the middle of the track. Alydar skimmed the rail and suddenly shot past them. Velasquez tapped Alydar once with his whip and then, approaching the wire, turned his whip down the way Errol Flynn used to put his sword back in its scabbard. The margin of victory was 10 lengths.

As Alydar went past the finish line there was a tremendous battle being fought for second place. Buckaroo winning it by a head over Father Hogan. True Statement wound up fifth and J. O. Tobin sixth. But nobody seemed to

care about the scramble for second. The old wooden rafters were shaking with applause for Alydar. It was loud and strong, then quieted down and built up again until virtually everyone was standing. Veitch stood in the winner's circle and smiled.

"I heard it all," he said later, "and I was proud for Alydar. I don't know if they were saying, 'Congratulations, underdog' or what. I've heard all the things about if Alydar had come along in any other year he would have won the Triple Crown. Alydar is not in any other year. He's in this one. At the break he suffered a superficial cut behind his left front pastern, but he'll be O.K. in time for the Travers. I think Alydar is stronger now, more seasoned and he's ready. In some ways it was Alydar's best race. Maybe best winning race is a better way to say it."

Veitch walked over to Stall 17 in his barn and hollered in at his top filly, Our Miss. "Minnie, what did you think about your little brother today? He was superb."

A few moments later Jack Gaver, the trainer of Buckaroo, was asked about the race. "I decided to run against Alydar because I didn't know if Buckaroo was good enough to go against Affirmed and Alydar in the Travers," he said. "I wanted to run against one of them, not both. Now I know what I thought I knew all along. If you can't fight one of them, how can you fight them both? That crowd said a lot today. I said, 'Alydar, you are some kind of racehorse.' It also said, 'We'll be back in two weeks to see you run against Affirmed.' Anyone who runs against the two of them has to be a little crazed. But anybody who isn't there to see it is totally crazed."

And what was Barrera's reaction? "When Alydar shipped to Chicago and won at Arlington, I was happy for him," he said. "If anyone had any doubts about Alydar before that race they shouldn't have them now. He is a great horse because he came back after his three tough losses to Affirmed. But I didn't think Alydar would be able to do what he did in the Whitney. At the top of the stretch he just went swoosh. J. O. Tobin was bothered at the start, but he's never been beaten by as far as 10 lengths before. If Alydar is this exceptional, then how good is Affirmed?"

END

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When the British Commonwealth Games were first held in 1930, at Hamilton, Ontario, under the designation British Empire Games, it was decided that these between-Olympics get-togethers of the Empire's athletes ought to be "merrier and less staid" than the Olympics and "substitute the stimulus of novel adventure for the pressure of international rivalry." Now, 48 years later, when the Olympics, the Pan-American, the Asian, the University and the rest of the world's international competitions have become ideological battlegrounds, the Commonwealth Games merrily sustain a spirit of unabashed sentimentality.

"I believe it is our common language and common heritage of British sensibilities," gushed one visitor to the opening of the XI edition of the Games in Edmonton last week. "From England herself to Papua New Guinea where chaps are eaten, the cultural differences are somewhat noticeable, but the language keeps the family together."

Not that the quadrennial reunions are all gin and watercrust sandwiches and editorials in support of monarchy. The Commonwealth Games have a record of spectacular performances, particularly in track and field. The last time the Games were held in Canada, at Vancouver in 1954, they produced two historic finishes. One was by Roger Bannister, who swept past John Landy to win the "Miracle Mile" in 3:58.8. The other was that of marathoner Jim Peters, who entered the stadium with a three-mile lead and with only 400 yards to go. Heatstruck and staggering blind, Peters collapsed and struggled up repeatedly. For 10 minutes he horrified the crowd until he crossed a line and fell for a final time. It was, alas, the finish line for most races, but not for the marathon. Peters was carried from the track with 220 yards still to go, and Scotland's Jim McGhee won. Peters never raced again.

Because the Commonwealth encompasses such geographically disparate entities as East Africa, where our species first stood upright and began to run; England, where formal track and field began; and Australia, where modern training methods developed, running, particularly distance running, has a lofty status in the Games.

The 1974 Games in Christchurch, New Zealand were the finest week of distance running in history. Five of the six distances were won in times below the

Good show in Edmonton

In contrast to all the wrangling at the Montreal Olympics is the merry spirit on display at the Commonwealth Games

Olympic records, and in the 1,500 Tanzania's Filbert Bayi held off New Zealand's John Walker as both broke Jim Ryun's 7-year-old world record of 3:33.1. "That was the greatest run I have ever seen," says Bannister. Bayi's record (3:32.2) still stands and he is back to defend, but Walker (3:32.5), the Olympic champion and only man to break 3:50 for the mile (3:49.4), is recovering from surgery on his calf and is home gardening in Auckland.

Henry Rono of Kenya and Washington State, who since April has set world records in the 3,000, the steeplechase, the 5,000 and the 10,000, may provide the most excitement, however. All along, his training has been directed toward the Commonwealth races above all others. This week he will be opposed in the 5,000 by England's Brendan Foster, whose record he broke in the 3,000, and Nick Rose;

Tanzania's Suleiman Nyambur; and New Zealand's Rod Dixon.

These races will inspire something akin to envy in the best U.S. runners, whose only counterpart festival, the Pan-American Games, is mushy by comparison. Thus it is strange that no U.S. television network would air any of the Edmonton show (last Sunday NBC, which will televise the Moscow Olympics, showed motorized barstool racing). Perhaps the networks were put off by the limited appeal of lawn bowling and thickets of blue blazers and bushy mustaches, but the loss to U.S. viewers is significant. Besides great running and swimming—on Saturday night 15-year-old Tracey Wickham of Australia broke her world record in the 800-meter freestyle by almost six seconds with a time of 8:24.62—we will miss seeing something even rarer: an international games free of political strife.

Thirteen of the Commonwealth nations are in black Africa. All agreed to the boycott of the Montreal Olympics in protest of New Zealand, another Commonwealth country, carrying on rugby

continued



Having won four gold medals in weight lifting, P. McKenzie now wants to bowl them over.

exchanges with South Africa. How, two years later, have those recluses been brought back into the fold?

The threat of an African boycott of Edmonton was not subtly presented last year when the African sports union scheduled the African Games in Algiers two weeks before the Commonwealth Games. It seemed things had been arranged so that Black Africa could boycott and still have somewhere to compete, thus avoiding the tears and recriminations of Montreal. But in delicate response, an extraordinary meeting of Commonwealth prime ministers took place. They gathered at Gleneagles Lodge in Scotland in June of 1977 and were chaired by Michael Manley of Jamaica, Canada's Pierre Trudeau, Britain's James Callaghan and New Zealand's Robert Muldoon, among others, all signed an agreement that each would do everything possible to cut sporting ties with racist countries. Obviously, South Africa was the prime case in point. Canada took the strongest action, ruling that no South African can enter the country for "any sports reason." Professionals who compete as individuals, such as golfer Gary Player or race-car driver Jody Scheckter, are exempt. New Zealand has had no further rugby exchanges with South Africa.

Only two African nations chose not to come to Edmonton, a third, Botswana, could not afford to send its team and sent greetings instead. Nigeria withdrew for what seem internal reasons after a cabinet shuffle, and Uganda pulled out when President for Life Idi Amin blustered that he would not go anywhere until Israel was booted out of the Commonwealth. Canada was relieved and not just because Israel was not a member of the Commonwealth. "No country would want them to visit," said one observer. "If there were a coup while he was out of Uganda, it might have to keep him."

A booming city of 500,000 on the North Saskatchewan River in central Alberta, Edmonton was created by the fur trade; now it thrives on oil. With Montreal's \$900 million Olympic loss madness in mind, Edmonton's organizers strove for functional utility in the stadium, pool, velodrome, shooting range and bowling greens they built. The \$36-million capital budget was met.

Canadians exhibit a lovely split personality concerning royalty. The one frill

in the Edmonton Stadium is a \$50,000 "billy" for Queen Elizabeth. Naturally, half the crowd attending the opening ceremonies craned to see if she would use it. She didn't. "There's still time," said the Edmonton Sun, cheering the downcast, "she'll be back to watch the track meet." Yet, as the Queen—in a shining green dress—glided around the track in a glossy old Lincoln, she was showered with affectionate, ever-so-earnest applause. "It gives you shivers just to see her," said a Canadian matron, displaying a milk-white arm on which all the hairs were standing straight up.

The opening ceremonies commenced with the stadium trembling beneath a 21-gun salute, then cringing as the jet aerobatic team that opened the Olympics almost killed itself again. Roly-poly schoolgirls danced with gold lamé flags and collapsed in the 81° heat. There were Indian dancers, square dancers, canoe dancers, as dancers, net dancers, scythe dancers, Scottish dancers with pipes, bounding Ukrainian dancers. They all collapsed in the heat. Mounds of red balloons sailed up like huge random jellyfish in a blue Alberta sky. And after all that marvelous, important, if irrelevant, pageantry, the 1,500 athletes were finally displayed.

To make it more fun, the British Isles divided itself into England, Guernsey, the Isle of Man, Jersey, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The rest of the 47 Commonwealth nations seemed like a list of stops on the itinerary of Joseph Conrad. Gambian women pattered along in white basketball shoes. Western Samoans came in lavaliyas. India's men were turbaned in saffron. Speeches were given, the athlete's oaths taken, and more balloons swirled up in a great helix. As usual, the British were blasé—"another rug to chuck in a trunk and never wear again," said Nick Rose of his beige blazer—but those from the more distant outposts were caught up in the pageantry. Rono carried Kenya's flag and stood with it on the infield for an hour, a sober statue with a TV camera in his face all the while.

One ecstatic figure was a tiny brown man in the midst of the New Zealand squad, a man now 42 years old, yet affecting childlike in his exuberance. "I tried to draw the attention of the Queen," he said of his furious waving. "She waved back. I was delighted."

This was Precious P. McKenzie.

M.B.E., born in South Africa of Scottish and African descent, orphaned at five, a cobbler and a weight lifter at 21, a long-time embarrassment for apartheid because in 1958 he lifted more than the white South African champion but was not chosen for that year's Commonwealth Games in Cardiff, Wales. "I thought of leaving," he says, "but there were promises. The ones they made to the world they made to me. I was promised Rome [the Olympics in 1960]. It didn't happen. I was promised Tokyo in 1964. That never materialized." In 1964 McKenzie made it out to England. It is easier to switch nations in the Commonwealth than schools in the NCAA. In 1966 McKenzie won the bantamweight (123½ pounds) gold medal for England at the Games held in Kingston, Jamaica. In 1970 he won again, in Edinburgh. And he won again in 1974 in Christchurch, in the flyweight class (114½ pounds).

"I fell in love with New Zealand," he says. So he stayed and switched his eligibility once more.

Now he was in his fourth Games, going for his fourth gold, back in the bantamweight division. The competition was last Friday. In the velvet splendor of Jubilee Auditorium, with the Queen and Prince Philip, Andrew and Edward looking on, McKenzie fell behind India's Tamil Selvan after the snatch, 105 kg. (231½ pounds) to 97.5 (215 pounds). McKenzie was fighting cramps in his thighs for the first time in his career. In the clean and jerk, Selvan missed once at 115 kg. (253½ pounds) before supporting it. He could go no higher. McKenzie's began at 122.5 kg. (270 pounds), which, if he lifted it, would tie his rival in total weight. Because McKenzie weighed 1½ pounds less than the Indian, he would win if he made it.

He missed on his first try. Pacing, regarding the bar coyly, like a flirting woman, he finally rushed up and lifted it cleanly. The crowd rose in ovation. Later, McKenzie glowed as few men can. "This is simply the greatest achievement of my life," he said. "The only thing comparable is being back in Buckingham Palace receiving my investiture as a Member of the British Empire." With that, Precious P. McKenzie announced that his career as a weight lifter was over. "I will retire now to a new endeavor."

And what is that?

"Lawn bowling. I think I'm a natural at it."

END

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Owner Charlie Hill, his wife and Billy Haughton celebrate Felton Almahurst's winning win at the Meadowlands.

And that ain't hay

With a whopping \$560,000 purse, the Meadowlands doesn't need tradition

Last Thursday evening, minutes before the start of the championship heat alone at the Meadowlands Pace, Billy Haughton and Joe O'Brien sat side by side on a rampled yellow sofa in the drivers' lounge, watching TV. Haughton had won one elimination heat, O'Brien the other. The two men sat silently until Haughton suddenly tapped O'Brien on the knee with his whip and asked, "What were those heats worth, \$20,000 or \$25,000?"

"Bill," said O'Brien very slowly, "they were worth \$140,000 each."

With that, Haughton cracked his whip on the floor, threw his head back and laughed. O'Brien had to smile. Here were two Hall of Fame drivers who had come full circle. All week long O'Brien had been telling people that he once won all three heats in a free-for-all pace and pocketed \$12.75. That was in 1935 at Port Egin, New Brunswick, where purses consisted of a piece of the gate. And now,

at the Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J., where the championship heat alone was worth \$280,000, he had Flight Director, one of the favorites in harness racing's richest race, a mile pace for 3-year-olds for a purse of \$560,000. As Racing Secretary Joe DeFrank had said, "What the heck, it isn't as if we can't afford it."

Ah, money. This year the Meadowlands is paying out a record \$20 million in purses. It has a contract with the Standardbred Breeders and Owners Association to do so. The figure is based on the track's projected business, and since the night in 1976 that it first opened its glass doors and its sleek glass-and-concrete grandstand, the Meadowlands' attendance and wagering have been unsurpassed among the nation's harness tracks. But while the Meadowlands has big money, the sport's big events—such as the Hambletonian—are booked elsewhere. So last year DeFrank and General Manager Bob Quigley decided to use a part of the \$20 million to inaugurate a major race. The idea was that whatever the Meadowlands Pace lacked in tradition, it would more than make up for with its ungodly purse. Last July, in its inaugural, the purse was \$425,000. The plan is to raise the amount to \$750,000 next year, to \$1 million in 1980—and who knows?—by 1990, they may be competing for the New Jersey Turnpike.

So sweet was the pot that owners eagerly entered horses (at a bargain \$6,500 a pop) that seemed more suited to pulling a coach-and-four. One was Steves Flying Bree, an also-ran since April. Another was Say Hello, winless all year and hampered by a breathing problem. There were even more outlandish long shots, such as Wizard Almahurst, a loser by 10 lengths or more in four races in a row, and Race To Win, a winner of two races in 12 starts against weaker pacers and a 108-to-1 plunge the last time he had competed against some of the better horses entered at the Meadowlands. Still, Driver Muck Hayman was steadfast in his belief that Race To Win had a chance. "He's got lots of speed," Hayman said, "and with so many horses anything can happen."

In all, 22 horses were entered, including seven of this year's leading money-winners—Armbr Tiger, Abercrombie, Timely Best Man, Flight Director, No No Yankee, Falcon Almahurst and Brittany Road. DeFrank was forced to split the Pace into two preliminary heats, the first five finishers in each qualifying for the final. DeFrank had hoped for one race for the whole \$560,000, and he made up his mind that next year he would set up qualifying races a week before the Pace to ensure just that.

For better, the situation was equally aggravating. Heat racing is so rare at American tracks that horses are never trained to perform at their peak twice in a night. Drawn into a tough heat, a driver might opt to conserve his horse's energy by simply qualifying rather than going all out if winning seems unlikely. Also, the good 3-year-old pacers had been beating each other all year long without establishing a clear favorite. Driver Peter Haughton, Billy's son, assessed the field the day before the race and found many people agreeing with him. "There isn't a horse among them that can cut a mile and expect to hang on at the wire," he said. So the betters were reading past performances skeptically, much in the way a shopper pokes and picks through a bin of bruised tomatoes.

In the first heat the odds-on choice was Courageous Lady, a filly that had paced the year's fastest mile (1:55½) but was testing colts for the first time. Courageous Lady left from the 5 post, was pushed hard to take the lead at the quarter pole, then backed off slightly as Billy

continued

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Haughton edged Falcon Almahurst to the front at the half-mile mark. From there Haughton cruised unchallenged the rest of the way to win in 1:54½. Billy was pleased. The colt had overcome a difficult No. 9 post, took the lead without being extended and was clocked in the fastest time of the year for a 3-year-old pacer. "He had something left," Haughton said, smiling.

Falcon Almahurst was one of the pre-race favorites. Last year he won his first start by 13 lengths in 1:59 flat, quite a feat for a 2-year-old. But a persistent throat infection, plus an injured stifle, had people wondering about his soundness. "He's still green," Haughton said, "and he's not a robust colt. He's sort of like a kid who is always getting the sniffles." The colt was purchased in 1976 by Charlie Hill, operator of Hill Farms in Hilliard, Ohio, for \$150,000, at the time the third-highest price ever paid for a standardbred yearling. Charlie Hill, who is 75, isn't usually one to bid when the board is well lit, but when he watched Falcon Almahurst enter the sales ring, he said, "Somebody up there told me to bid."

Hill Farms is a 460-acre plot outside Columbus that thrives on breeding standardbreds. Right now the farm houses five stallions, 54 broodmares and 59 weanlings and yearlings. Hill has two horses in training, including Falcon Almahurst. But in 40 years of owning and racing horses, Hill had yet to be close in a major race.

Up in Section 104 at the Meadowlands, Charlie Hill was wearing a flashy red-blue-green-and-yellow-checked sport coat, buying drinks for a couple of rows of friends and new acquaintances, and saying things like, "I believe in heaven above."

The second heat favorite was No No Yankee, the USA's Two-Year-Old Pacer of 1977, who had been approaching form slowly. Late in 1977 No No Yankee was syndicated for \$2.5 million, but this year he had won only two of 10 starts and the syndicate was growing restless. In No No Yankee, Trainer-Driver Walter Ross, 37, had a colt with the ability to upgrade his career. For years Ross scratched out a living working with mediocre horses on the New England circuit until, in 1975, he had the opportunity to train a well-bred trotter named Yankee Bambino. Ross nursed Bambino to the Hambletonian, finished second by the smallest of noses and then had Bambino's owners pull out and hire another horseman. Ross almost quit. Then along came No No Yankee. "I'm just waiting for him to pop," he said over and over. But three days before the Meadowlands Pace, under pressure from No No Yankee's owners, Ross took himself off the colt and hired Ben Webster to handle the driving.

As the starting gate swung open, No No Yankee broke stride, eased 20 lengths behind the pacesetter and lost any chance of qualifying for the final. Starting in the ninth post, Joe O'Brien shot Flight Di-

rector to the lead at the quarter pole, allowed Glen Garnsey, behind Abercrombie, to slip in front of him at the half-mile post and then, late in the stretch, charged back at Abercrombie and nailed him by a neck at the wire in 1:56.

"I don't think I can beat him," O'Brien said bluntly of Falcon Almahurst upon entering the winner's circle. "When I beat him last week I was lucky to be in the lead. Tonight he looks tough and the pace might be too strong for me. Of course, I hope I'm wrong."

For his part, Webster found an interesting excuse, claiming that, just seconds before the race, a photographer had walked across the track, leaving a footprint. "When my horse saw the footprint," Webster said, "he jumped like a reindeer."

In the final, Flight Director had the rail and Falcon Almahurst drew wide again, post No. 8. Pacing at full tilt, Race To Win and Courageous Lady battled for the lead past the quarter pole and part way up the backstretch. Then O'Brien swung out from the rail and sent Flight Director past the two leaders, just as Haughton, fourth on the outside, ranged up on O'Brien and drew alongside. Now O'Brien had two options: let Falcon pass and then try to catch him in the stretch, or let out a notch and hang Haughton on the outside all the way around the turn. O'Brien laid back. Haughton took the lead, slowed the pace around the turn, then opened a two-length gap at the head of the stretch. The crowd of 27,965 roared, and up in Section 104 two rows of spectators around Charlie Hill were pounding the railings and shouting, "Go! Go! Go!"

Flight Director was losing ground, but suddenly Abercrombie zoomed up from sixth place and was driving toward Falcon Almahurst. Haughton, rocking in the sulky and whipping righthanded, brought the horse toward the wire. Abercrombie gained no more as Haughton rolled past the finish in 1:55½.

In Section 104, Hill thrust both arms high in the air and began bouncing on his toes. A wave of spectators swarmed around him. Charlie's son Bob elbowed his way through the crowd, hugged his father and kissed him on the nose. "Like I told Billy last year," Charlie said, rushing down a staircase that led to the finish line. "Don't worry about the colt because even if he don't race at all, he'll make enough money next year." **END**

Haughton set just the right pace in taking the sport's biggest prize (\$210,000) at the Meadowlands





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It was catch as catch can

After their long swim home, the salmon got a shocking welcome at Bangor

From Davis Strait, west of Greenland, the salmon had swum more than 2,000 miles, down through the Labrador Sea and southward again past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, guided by temperature changes, tidal currents, perhaps odors, homing in on the river of their birth. As they rounded Cape Sable the signals were stronger. They headed down the coast of Maine, into Penobscot Bay, into the Penobscot River—journey's end, except that the Penobscot in July was warm and low. They swung left into a tributary, the Kenduskeag, at its confluence with the big river in the city of Bangor. And there last month, as the salmon struggled to negotiate shallow pools, becoming stranded when the tide dropped, they were pierced with arrows, battered with rocks and baseball bats, snagged by gang hooks and hauled ashore or left bleeding in the water.

Like diamonds or gold, the Atlantic salmon brings out the worst in humanity. Too many citizens of Bangor reacted to the bonanza as a Norwegian farmer or a Scottish shepherd would. Salmon are beautiful, rare, valuable. So kill them.

And these particular Atlantics were in a special category of rareness: The salmon resource of the Northeastern U.S. was, for the most part, squandered by the middle of the 19th century; dams and pollution saw to that. But in the last 20 years considerable efforts have been made to restore the once-great salmon runs of the rivers of New England. The state of Maine, for example, has spent \$1.2 million constructing fishways on the Penobscot alone. And by the end of June of this year it seemed that the money had not been wasted. On a single day 24 salmon were taken by sporting methods from the river.

Then came last month's big run. In downtown Bangor, a city of 32,000, hundreds of people lined the banks at Kenduskeag Plaza to watch the magnificent fish endeavoring to force their way upstream, and by the 10th of the month anglers were out in strength, hurling worms and lures at the all-too-visible salmon, watched by crowds of office workers. There were even punts who brought fly rods down to the river and laid out short lines to salmon that were swimming not

more than two or three yards away from them. It was perfectly legitimate fishing: officials of the State Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife confirmed that it was legal to fish without a license so long as the fish were in tidal waters, which covered the downtown area of Bangor. Almost certainly this was the only place in North America where it was possible to fish for Atlantic salmon within city limits—one of the very few places in the world, indeed, together with Grantown-on-Spey in Scotland and Galway in Ireland. The anglers had some success: 13-year-old Jeff Lewis, for example, got a 12-pounder on a spinning outfit after a 45-minute fight.

But the fish were too available, too tempting. By July 12 several youngsters had been cited by game wardens for trying to snag salmon by throwing weighted hooks across their backs. From then on, wardens began to patrol in plain clothes. "I was there Wednesday noon and it was embarrassing," said Harry Leslie of neighboring Brewer. "Seven people surrounded four or five of these poor fish, and when one of them hooked a salmon, the people on the banks cheered. I walked away disgusted."

One man was cited three times and finally arrested and jailed because he could not provide bail after he had been apprehended snagging fish. Twelve people circled a pool and worked over a school of nine salmon. Some brained the fish with rocks, others used mackerel jugs to snag them.

On July 20 more than 20 people were tried in the District Court for illegally attempting to take salmon from the Ken-

duskeag and the Penobscot. Ten adults were fined \$50 each after pleading guilty. 10 other cases were continued and, in all, 70 cases involving alleged infractions of salmon-fishing regulations were readied for processing. Judge F. Davis Clark, noting the fine weather, declared, "It's a beautiful day to watch salmon in Kenduskeag. Stream, and I emphasize the word 'watch.' Do not molest."

Among the abashed molesters in court were four juveniles, three of whom worked as delivery boys for the Bangor Daily News. They were given reduced fines by Judge Clark, who told them to report to the paper's outdoors editor, Bud Leavitt, for instruction on sportsmanship and fishing regulations.

One young man who could look back with modest pride on the Kenduskeag's great salmon run was 16-year-old Gary Gilmore. All he had to work with was a spool of 8-pound-test nylon line, a hook and an angworm at the end of it, which was taken by a 15-pounder. Not precisely punist tackle, but it was no small feat to play the fish on such gear, making sure that the salmon could run and then re-winding furiously when it came toward him. Five times his fish jumped, and the line had burned his hands before a landing net was slipped under his first Atlantic salmon. As a result, a local columnist suggested that the "City Beast" in downtown Bangor be reserved for boys and girls of 16 or younger. They would be given casting instruction in the closed season and a fund would be set up to provide fly-fishing tackle for those who could not afford it.

But as the run continued, there were further reports of the illegal taking of salmon. Now, it appeared, bows and arrows and gigs were being used, in addition to baseball bats and rocks. In one case brought before Judge Clark, Richard (Grasshopper) Grover of Bangor was found guilty of killing three salmon with rocks after the fish had been herded toward him in shallow water by a club-wielding accomplice.

On July 17 the Atlantic Sea Run Salmon Commission announced a hearing for July 26, at which the total closing of the Kenduskeag to salmon fishing for 90 days would be considered. Normally the sea-

continued

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son would end in mid-October, but the commission is empowered to close it earlier. It had already banned commercial fishing on the stream.

About 40 people turned up for the July 26 hearing, and only two of them questioned the ban. Among those in favor were representatives of two chapters of Trout Unlimited, and a speaker for one of them, Roger D'Errico, a postal worker, said bitterly, "They just turned into animals. It's too bad that the ban can't be more than 90 days." He displayed an illegal gang hook a friend had found on a bank at the height of the slaughter.

The commission quickly made up its mind: from 7 p.m. the next evening, the most heavily fished section of the Kenduskeag would be closed to Atlantic salmon fishing for 90 days.

It was the first time ever that such a ban had been imposed. The chairman of the commission, Maynard F. Marsh, indicated that because of the increasing number of salmon running Maine rivers, there would be a review of all state regulations concerning the species and that by the end of the year new regulations would be put into effect.

Meanwhile, in Bangor, it was clear that a certain amount of civic pride had been aroused by the arrival of the great silver fish. People noted that the Penobscot was a little messy where it ran through the city. The salmon had to nose their way over shopping carts, hubcaps, beer cans and other urban detritus. A cleanup carnival is to be organized.

This shows the right spirit, though it is unlikely that running salmon are deterred by hubcaps on the riverbed. Having fought their way past seals and killer whales on their long journey south, they can cope with a little debris. The two major factors that work against the species are pollution—particularly involving low oxygen content and especially in the rivermouth—and physical obstacles that prevent them from reaching their spawning grounds. Bloody encounters with rocks and baseball bats, so long as they are not totally uncontrolled, are considerably less fatal to the species' survival. As little as 5% of the run getting through to spawn can be adequate.

Nevertheless, the public's reaction to the massacre is heartwarming to those who seek to reestablish the most desirable fish of all in the Northeastern U.S. With public opinion firmly on their side, they have a good chance to endure. **END**

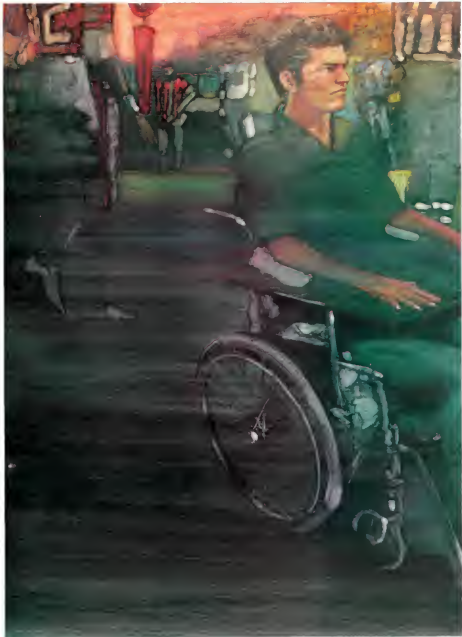


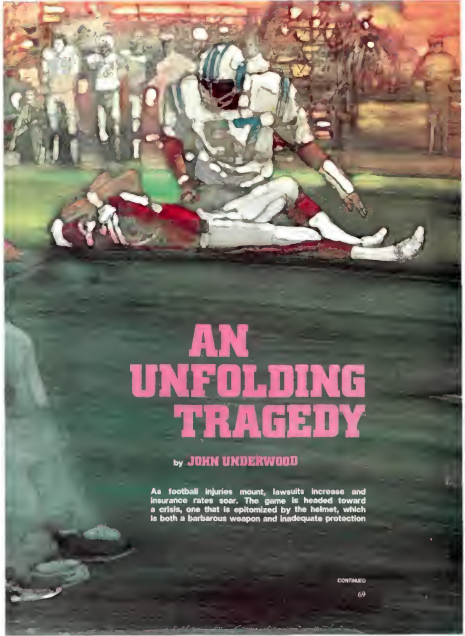
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AN UNFOLDING TRAGEDY

by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

As football injuries mount, lawsuits increase and insurance rates soar. The game is headed toward a crisis, one that is epitomized by the helmet, which is both a barbarous weapon and inadequate protection

CONTINUED

BRUTALITY continued

Once there was a game that had practically everything. Fun to play and exciting to watch, it was beloved by a nation of sports-mad people. It was held up to the nation's youth as an exemplary physical test and as a builder of character. Outstanding men, including Presidents and Supreme Court Justices, had played it in their youth. Many observers considered it to be the definitive American game.

In time, the sport developed a professional adjunct. It was shown on television and was used to sell automobiles, beer and "pieces of the Rock." As a result, some of the men who played the game were idolized and became rich.

Statistics showed that it was the nation's most injurious team sport, but those who despaired of the weekend casualty lists were encouraged to look at the sport's virtues, at the lives and profit statements it enhanced.

The game became contaminated, but the process was so gradual and insidious that few took notice. From the kid-league to the major colleges and professional league, the sport's public image grew more robust even as it decayed within. The injury rate mounted, sportsmanship declined. Vicious acts became commonplace.

Reform, though obviously needed, was resisted by the sport's custodians. Most of its coaches were too busy trying to stay employed. They were also reluctant to give up "proven" coaching tenets. They said injuries were "part of the game." They were supported in this by the players, who were busy trying to keep their scholarships or make their fortunes. For their part, the sport's administrators were too busy trying to maximize their profits.

Eventually the professional league commissioned a study of injuries. The investigation was supposed to be private, but word of it got around. The study showed that the game's equipment and many of its rules needed to be overhauled to keep pace with the times. Players were bigger, faster and stronger, but the laws of physics were constant, e.g., $\text{force} = \text{mass} \times \text{acceleration}$. Nonetheless, the report was regarded as science fiction by the league. Only minimal changes were made; key recommendations were ignored.

Excess begot excess. Some of the sport's paid stars were glorified for the "macho" way they broke the rules. A psychiatrist wrote firsthand about the amphetamine abuses of one pro team and how the drug contributed to injury. For this he was discredited by the league, which led a move to have his license revoked.

No sin was too great for absolution. College coaches caught cheating one year were named "Coach of the Year" the next. Pro players threatened officials, and each other, with impunity. The sport suddenly found itself crawling with lawyers. Charges ranging from breached contracts to slander were hurled. Players—teen-agers and adults—filed suit, seeking recompense for their broken bodies. Manufacturers of the game's equipment learned they were faced with Judgment Day. The cost of insuring the game against itself soared alarmingly.

And all the while men of goodwill who loved the sport, and were involved in it, grew fearful for its future. And wondered what would happen next.

And if any good seats were left for the big game

It is not possible to have doctors and ambulances at every game, but it is possible to change coaching techniques and philosophies to minimize injuries.



schools face an insurance crisis that could bankrupt them if it remains unchecked," says Wilson Rules, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The question many concerned Californians are asking has ominous national overtones: if the cost of indemnification eliminates sports at those levels, what happens to college programs?

There is an even more ominous question that is closer to the heart of the problem: has football again reached a point where an ambulance and a physician are needed at fieldside every time two teams go out to play?

Before he retired eight years ago, Dr. Eric Walker, the president of Penn State, made a plea in the nature of a prediction to football Coach Joe Paterno, who is widely respected for his honorable approach to the game. Dr. Walker was one

"the American form of violence" in his exhaustive book, *Sports in America*. Navy Coach George Welsh complained of "more injuries than any time since I've been here," but did not know why. Dr. Donald Cooper, the team physician at Oklahoma State, went onto the field 13 times in one game, "and that never happened before." Texas, No. 1-ranked at the time, was down to its fourth quarterback by midseason. The *Detroit Free Press* characterized the Tampa Bay Buccaneers-Detroit Lions game as an excuse for a "Go Blue" cheer—a fight song dedicated to Blue Cross and Blue Shield. With five games left in the season the Buccaneers had lost three quarterbacks. The Lions had had 21 knee operations in three seasons. Asked who on his 80-man Maryland team had not missed a game or a practice because of injury, Coach Jerry Claiborne named only one player.

However, no team could match the devastation that was wrought on the football team of LaPorte (Ind.) High School. By mid-October, the Slicers, as they are unfortunately nicknamed, had suffered four broken backs, four broken legs and numerous torn ligaments and cartilages. Fifteen lettermen had major injuries. Coach Lou Fiamano

told the *Michigan City News-Dispatch* he had thought of moving practice to the hospital lawn. At the end of one session, Fiamano called for a final play. "I shouldn't have," he says. "Our No. 2 punter broke his leg and our No. 1 center suffered a broken hand." In a junior varsity game, as one Slicer lay on the sidelines, awaiting an ambulance, with a broken leg, another was hit in the chest. His heart stopped. It took electroshock treatment at the hospital to revive him. Fiamano says, "My only explanation is the kids have learned bad habits in the early stages of their career, and that's pure speculation."

The upcoming fall renewal of what is often called "hostilities" on sports pages promises no less grim a harvest. Projecting from recent surveys, it is anticipated that the "part of the game" no one likes to talk about will:

- Injure a million high school players at approximately 20,000 schools.

continued

In 1905, during a football season of unparalleled brutality, President Theodore Roosevelt summoned the leaders of the college game to Washington and demanded that they clean up the sport—change the rules to better protect the players or else. Under such a threat, the rules were quickly and dramatically changed and the game was streamlined. Thus football avoided almost certain self-destruction.

Since a 17-year-old Agoura, Calif. high school football player named Gregory Cole was injured making a head-on tackle and died of a subdural hematoma last November, there has been agitation in that state to make it mandatory that a physician and an ambulance be present at every high school game. On a typical California football weekend there are as many as 1,500 schoolboy games. There are not that many private ambulances in the state.

There are enough doctors, but it is unlikely that a sufficient number would be willing to show up. In many California school districts they are no longer covered by the schools' liability insurance and, haunted by the specter of malpractice suits, they are not eager to get involved. A bill to make them part-time "employees" was vetoed by Governor Jerry Brown last September. It had been opposed by the California School Board Association because of soaring liability insurance costs, which were up by as much as 848% in some districts. Currently a rewritten bill, with much the same intent, is pending in the legislature.

In June, a lawyer for Gregory Cole's family announced he had filed a suit in which 21 defendants were named.

In the last four years liability insurance for elementary schools has gone up 345%, for high schools 320%, for junior colleges 414%. "California's public

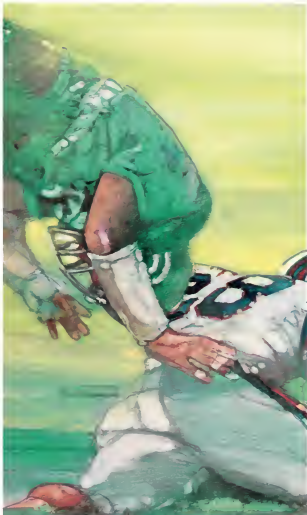
"If the United States ignored an annual epidemic striking a million and a half youngsters each autumn, Americans would revolt."

Dr. James Garrick
Sports medicine specialist

of Paterno's champions, and one of football's. But like Paterno, he was not blind to its failings. He said, "Joe, if football doesn't do something about the injuries, soccer will be our national sport in 10 years."

As soccer, a clean and comparatively injury-free sport, grows in popularity in the U.S., Paterno views Walker's foresight, with a growing sense of urgency, as a time bomb ticking. He says he wonders if "enough people realize we have a problem." The injury rate in football cannot be condoned. "It is no longer enough," says Paterno, "to accept it as 'part of the game.'"

Although casualty lists are available in football, no one source ever seems to know exactly how injuries occur or how many there are in a given period for all levels of the game. But indications are that 1977 was a particularly doleful year for the sport. James A. Michener calls



A particularly famous foul, spearing can injure the player who commits it as well as the victim

- Injure 70,000 college players at more than 900 schools.
- Inflict a 100% casualty rate (at least one injury for every player) on the National Football League.

In the lexicon of coaches, many of these injuries will be "minor," meaning no game time lost. Others will curtail seasons. A few will end careers. Some will have long-term effects that will grow more painful and restricting with age. Others will be immediately crippling.

Relatively speaking, football is no longer a killer sport and should not be condemned or condoned on that basis. (In 1905, the year Teddy Roosevelt told the game to square itself away, there had been 18 deaths in the college ranks alone.) The issue is not only dead bodies, but also wounded ones—the systematic wasting of men and boys within the boundaries of "legal play." Injuries are endemic to a physical sport, and certain risks are implied. The issue is not the risk of injury, but how much injury is necessary and therefore acceptable.

Apparently a lot.

In a survey for *The New York Times Special Features*, Dr. James Garrick, then of the University of Washington Sports Medicine Department, said, "If the United States ignored an annual epidemic striking a million and a half youngsters each autumn, Americans would revolt. Yet they cheered while that many college, high school, Pop Warner and sandlot players were injured." Dr. Garrick put the more celebrated Sunday carnage of the pros in perspective. "More high school kids get injured every Friday night than pros do in a year."

That Times survey was made in 1975. Football turned a deaf ear. Since then, the few rules changes that have been made, though for the good in some cases, have not been applied throughout the sport and have made no appreciable impact on its perils. The game has not been turned around. No Teddy Roosevelts have risen up to protest the slaughter.

Some lawyers have, however. Lawyers are doing something about football injuries. They are filing suits.

The legal profession has found that suing football may result in highly lucrative judgments in several areas, but as of now suits involving the use—or misuse—of the modern hard-shell football helmet,

a device Dr. Cooper calls "the damndest, meanest tool on the face of the earth," are the most profitable. There is no better way to epitomize the myriad threats to football than to examine the helmet. It is:

- A focal point of coaches' intransigence in teaching dangerous techniques.
- The piece of equipment with which players are most likely to cause the most serious injuries—head and neck injuries are responsible for 80% of the game's fatalities.
- The wedge that has opened the sport to the current boom in negligence suits. "We used to have ambulance chasers before no-fault [auto insurance]," says Dr. Cooper. "Now we've got jock chasers. If coaches don't wake up, the lawyers will eat 'em alive."

Cooper is a onetime 5' 1", 105-pound water boy who professes a 35-year love for football that is not diminished by his outspoken desire to straighten it out. As medical consultant to the NCAA Rules Committee for six years (1969-75), he was credited with leading the charge that got college coaches to adopt three important safety measures: prohibiting the "crackback" block (the legal clip at the line of scrimmage, making mouthpieces mandatory and outlawing below-the-waist blocking on kicks. (The NFL did not get around to legislating against the crackback until two years after the colleges and has not yet taken action on either of the other proposals. As we shall see, safety is not first in the NFL.)

On the day in 1976 that Cooper railed against the misuse of helmets in a story appearing in the *Topeka State Journal*, another article in the same paper told of a lawsuit brought by Mrs. Ruth Hayes of San Diego against Riddell, Inc. of Chicago for "unspecified damages equal to one-fourth the total assets of Riddell." Riddell is the nation's largest helmet manufacturer. Mrs. Hayes' 17-year-old son Kip had been paralyzed from the neck down playing football. Mrs. Hayes' lawyer blamed the helmet for Kip's incapacitation.

Six months later, in May of 1977, and a year and a half after his lawyers won a record Dade County (Fla.) judgment of

\$5.3 million against Riddell, 21-year-old Greg Stead settled out of court for a reported \$3 million. The *Miami Herald* reported Stead's lawyers got \$1 million of that.

Stead was in a wheelchair, a quadriplegic since the night in 1971 when the face guard of his helmet struck the knee of an opposing high school ballcarrier and sent the back edge of his helmet crashing down on his upper spine. Stead's lawyers charged Riddell with producing a "negligently designed" helmet.

The suit's success apparently was inspirational. In Dade County itself two other suits nearly identical to Stead's were filed, one for \$5 million against Medalist Gladiator Athletic, Inc. of Leesburg, Fla. on behalf of Leroy (Buchi) Jenkins, who was paralyzed in December 1975 while playing in a sandlot game in Miami, and the other against Riddell and a sporting-goods store on behalf of a high schooler named George Cunningham.

Nationwide, helmet manufacturers now face between \$116 million and \$150 million in negligence suits. At a minimum, the suits represent five times the annual gross of the industry (\$24 million) and 100 times its annual profit. They

manufacturers are owned by conglomerates (Riddell by Wynns International, Rawlings by A-T-O, Wilson by PepsiCo), but the conglomerates will not continue to throw good money after bad forever. For the time being, the manufacturers are passing some of the increased insurance costs on to buyers; they are also contemplating forming their own insurance companies.

The immediate dilemma is twofold:

1) Can a parent company, with much to lose, justify a potential catastrophe by a subsidiary whose profits are chicken feed in the corporate picture?

2) Can football be played without helmets?

In respect to the latter, Coach Pop Warner of the Carlisle Indians argued in 1912 that playing without helmets "gives players more confidence, saves their heads from any hard jolts and keeps their ears from becoming torn or sore." But the helmets Warner was referring to were little more than leather pancakes, flapping down over the ears. The modern hard-shell helmet, introduced as a safety breakthrough at the All-Star Game in 1939, had a subtle but far-reaching psychological effect on play. "Courage was

a lot easier to come by," says Davey Nelson, University of Delaware athletic director, who is also secretary-editor of the NCAA Rules Committee. "Before [hard-shell helmets], you had to slip blows like a boxer slips punches. You blocked with your shoulder, you tackled with your shoulder. You didn't put your head in places they do now."

Soon enough after its introduction, coaches learned something else about the hard-shell helmet: it was an effective weapon. Techniques known as butt-blocking and butt-tackling became prevalent. Players rammed headfirst into pileups, into defenders, into hapless quarterbacks and into immobile running backs to put the finishing touch on tackles. The helmet became the game's principal instrument of intimidation, and terms like "spearing," "spiking" and "sticking" became part of the argot.

Today, plastered with decals like a World War II fighter plane, the helmet is a stylish-looking engineering marvel.

continued

"The modern, hard-shell football helmet is the damndest, meanest tool on the face of the earth."

Dr. Donald Cooper
Team physician, Oklahoma State University

have caused grave concern. At the time of Stead's suit there were 14 helmet manufacturers in the country. There are now eight.

Frank Gordon, the president of Riddell, says his company "will stick it out to the end," but it is "a safe bet others will not." Riddell, for example, paid \$40,000 for liability insurance in 1975. This year it anticipates premiums of \$1.5 million. Some of the independent manufacturers are playing a kind of fiscal Russian roulette: they can't afford to lose a lawsuit and they can't afford the insurance, so they cancel the latter and pray about the former. The larger equipment

a three-pounds-plus artillery piece of polycarbonate, styrene and leather, honeycombed with pods of rubber, water, antifreeze or foam and costing up to \$100. Doug Dickey, the University of Florida coach who played when a helmet was little more than a plastic shell suspended on one's head by a few elastic straps, picked one up recently and was "astounded how heavy it was. It was like lifting a bowling ball."

A helmet has the effect of a bowling ball on impact, says Dr. Cooper. "If a kid isn't seriously hurt by it in a game Saturday, on Sunday he has so many bruises he looks like he's been tattooed with a ball pen hammer. There's nothing wrong with the helmet itself. Doing what it was intended to do—protecting the head—it performs adequately. We seldom see a fractured cheek or skull anymore. What's wrong is the way it is used. Everything that has to do with a meaningful existence runs through that four-inch segment of your body [the neck]. Do like the coaches tell you—jam that helmet or face guard into something, force that helmet back—and it's worse than a karate chop. The head was not meant to be a battering ram."

But batter it does. The Physician and Sportsmedicine journal, citing figures supplied by the National Electronic Injury Surveillance System, projected that 40,000 interscholastic football players were treated in emergency rooms two years ago for injuries involving the head and neck. The Stanford Research Institute study commissioned by the NFL showed that over a six-year span 9.4% of all injuries were caused by helmet blows. Neither of these studies takes into account the severity of the injury. A far more revealing figure was obtained after a five-year study of college players by Dr. Carl Blyth at the University of North Carolina. He found that 29% of football's most serious injuries—brain and spinal-cord damage, broken ribs, ruptured spleens, bruised kidneys—came as a direct result of external blows by hard-shell helmets.

Not all the damage makes headlines or brings eye-popping courtroom judgments. Some of it can be insidious. A

two-year study made at the University of Iowa revealed that 32% of all incoming freshman football players had hitherto undetected neck injuries. Moreover, the report said that without X-ray examination the majority of the impairments would have continued undetected. One doctor says some players he treats have "cervical spines that look like those of arthritic 90-year-olds." Dr. Buch Mulhern of the University of Georgia says that 30% of the injuries he sees are directly related to helmet blows. "You see older athletes now with chronic pinched nerves and degenerative arthritis that we never had when I played at Georgia [in the '50s] when the technique was to slide your head past and put a shoulder into it," he says. "It'll be worse for them later on. Maybe not surgery or paralysis, but a gradual incapacitation."

There is no question in Dr. Cooper's mind where the blame belongs. "The whole concept of coaching today is 'pau-

fore, the same fullback had his right leg fractured by a helmet."

Colorado Assistant Coach Ron Corradini called the helmet "the worst advancement in football." Last fall a collision with Nebraska Running Back I M Hipp put Colorado Linebacker Tom Perry on an Omaha operating table for five hours. The result of the impact was not instantaneous. Perry collapsed in the locker room with a cerebral hemorrhage. To save him, doctors had to drill a hole five-eighths of an inch in diameter in his skull and evacuate blood clots.

In Dallas, Washington Redskins Back Bob Brunet, blocking on a running play, smacked headfirst into the knee of a Cowboy defender and was knocked out. The spinal cord compressed as the neck tried to "climb" into his helmet. Brunet had a postgame numbness and tingling pangs. It was first feared he had suffered a cervical fracture, but the injury was later diagnosed as a bad bruise and swelling on the spinal cord.

Both Perry and Brunet survived, but with their football futures in doubt.

There is no future for Ricky Luciano of Fulton, N.Y.

Luciano "may have been struck solidly in the chest by an opponent's helmet during a kickoff" in a game last October according to accounts in the *Syracuse Herald-Journal*.

He played until the final quarter when, short of breath, he asked to be taken from the game. A coach was driving him to a hospital, but on the way Luciano decided to go home instead. Later that night, Luciano complained of "chest pains" and was rushed to Lee Memorial Hospital in an ambulance. He died shortly after midnight in the emergency room. The county medical examiner called it "accidental trauma" due to "chest injury."

Players learn dangerous techniques like butt-blocking and butt-tackling in the highest of leagues, where coaches imitate things they have seen or been taught at higher levels. Collegians imitate pros, high schoolers imitate collegians. The added peril for the younger player, says Dr. Cooper, is that he has not had time to develop the powerful neck muscles post-teens have. "The heads of some of those skinny kids are no more than knobs

"Changing the rules is not enough, and our calling more penalties is not enough if the coaches don't change their habits."

Gene Calaboun
Attorney and Big Ten official

ish the opposition." he says. "'Punch 'em.' That's what they all talk about. A kid becomes a good college player and the pros want to know, 'Will he run through a brick wall?' Sportscasters talk about playing with 'complete abandon.' The coach says, 'Wipe out the quarterback.' The crowd yells, 'Defense! Defense!' Everybody goes bananas. Then when they wind up with injured players they say, 'Too bad.'"

"It's madness."

One Saturday stands out in Dr. Cooper's memory for its impact on the Big Eight Conference: the star Kansas quarterback, hit by a helmet, had to have knee surgery; the star Oklahoma cornerback, hit by a helmet, had to have shoulder surgery; the star Oklahoma State fullback, hit by a helmet, had to have his left leg put in a cast. Dr. Cooper did the work on the last. He recalls that the year be-

continued

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on the end of a whip," he says. "They ram that helmet in there, and it makes you cringe."

Once having become expert in using the helmet as a weapon, even the brightest of players defend it as the "right way." Dick Anderson, the retired Miami Dolphin All-Pro safety and former president of the NFL Players Association, says you would "spoil the game" if you tried to eliminate helmet-first techniques. "You need to tackle with the helmet sometimes," he says. "Injuries are the risk you take." After being sidelined last year, Texas Tech Quarterback Rodney Allison said he "didn't think it was possible for a defensive player not to use his helmet."

But once you have given a player a loaded gun, there is no guarantee what he will do with it. Texas Coach Fred Akers cites, as one of the perversions of helmet use, a growing practice known as earholing, in which a player aims the top of his helmet at another player's ear, with predictable results. Dr. Cooper recalls an Oklahoma State coach who taught rake-blocking (see cover, in which the blocker rams the chest of his opponent and then comes up violently, raking his face mask into the opposing player's chin. The rake block is now a popular technique on the West Coast.

Two graphic accounts of the joys of helmet abuse are provided in the "tell all" books written a few years back by maverick pro players Bernie Parrish and Dave Meggys.

Meggys, former St. Louis Cardinal linebacker, describing a technique he says he developed while at Syracuse University under the tutelage of All-Pro Center Jim Ringo, recounts that "I'd fire off the ball and stick my opponent under the chin, snuffing him up and neutralizing his initial charge. Then I'd let him start to go around me... and just as he got close to the quarterback, I'd spear him in the legs just above the knees with my helmet... Only problem with spear-blocking was that I got kicked in the head a lot. I'd be pretty dinged by the end of the game, and by my senior year I was throwing up after every game."

Parrish, a onetime Brown defensive back, writes the following of a confronta-

tion with the Steelers' Mike Sandrusky: "Mike was set on revenge for my cleating him in the groin the play before... [He] never broke stride. He drove his helmet into the right side of my unprotected rib cage and knocked me six yards in the air... the hardest lick I ever took, the first time I was laid out on a pro football field... No official dropped a flag. I heard the Pittsburgh crowd let out a cheer as I hit the ground. That night, around 3 a.m., I rushed to the bathroom

"Coaches are not the reason for injuries. Football is great the way it is."

George Allen
Coach, Los Angeles Rams

with fierce stomach pains. I threw up a solid whitish ball of food the size of a grapefruit... I was deathly afraid I was going to strangle."

The cancerous effect of such tactics apparently dawns slowly on the men in charge. After surveying his squad of outpatients last season, then-Washington Redskins Coach George Allen said, "Coaches are not the reason for injuries. Football is great the way it is. Too many rules changes haven't worked before." While leading Notre Dame to a 95-17-14 record in 11 seasons, Ara Parseghian was one of the few coaches to crusade against the head-on tackling and blocking techniques that had become popular in the '50s. "I'd go to clinics," Parseghian recalls, "and hear coaches say, 'You block with your helmet. You tackle with your helmet.' I'd say, 'No way! You block with your shoulder. It's a lot stronger blow, and you don't risk nearly as much. Why be stupid?'"

"I had one assistant coach I finally had to threaten to fire. He wouldn't stop teaching our kids to use that damn helmet. You get different philosophies in coaching, usually depending on what position the coach himself played. You get some defensive guys who want to kill the other guy. That's the way they did it. That's the way they thought it ought to be done. It's tough to turn them around."

In 1970 the colleges outlawed spear-

ing, which was defined as "the deliberate and malicious use of the head and helmet in an attempt to punish a runner after his momentum has been stopped." Later the prohibition was broadened to include any deliberate use of the helmet to punish an opponent, whether he had been stopped or not, and to make illegal "striking a runner with the crown or top of the helmet." The rule is only sporadically enforced. And face-to-numbers blocking and tackling (the front of the

helmet or the face guard making initial contact) is still legal, and it is estimated that eight out of 10 coaches teach it. The pros have no rule specifically intended to prevent spearing. Art McNally, the NFL's supervisor of officials, says, "Spearing has never been a problem in the NFL."

The evidence does not support him. Nor does it support the contention that spearing and other forms of helmet-hitting, legal or not, have abated at any level. Parseghian says he watches the pros on television and sees "some of the most vicious helmet hits ever. This kid [Doug] Plank of the Bears? His head really does come flying in there with 'reckless abandon.' It's awful. When Terry Bradshaw got blindsided by Gerald Bruns, I thought he was cut in half." Russ Francis, the All-Pro New England tight end, had three ribs broken when he was spiked in the side by Buffalo Defensive Back Steve Freeman last year. Francis admitted, "It wasn't illegal, but you don't do that to somebody's ribs."

Nor has the colleges' fine-line definition of what is and what isn't legal stopped spearing. "It's more prevalent than ever," says SMU Defensive Coordinator Steve Sidwell. "You see it all the time," says Paterno. "You just don't see it called. What is worse, you see it as the third and fourth hits on a player." Watching last year's Liberty Bowl, Dr. Cooper was outraged. "Early in the game, a player digs his helmet right in the kidneys of a Nebraska runner," he says. "No flag. Two minutes before it's over, a North Carolina player is flat on his back when this Nebraska guy comes and just spikes him. Again, no flag. They should have thrown 'em both out of the game. When players play like a bunch of hilly goats, it's

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BRUTALITY continued

because they're taught to play that way."

Herman Rohrig, supervisor of the Big Ten officials, annually puts together a film to educate coaches and officials about what is going on in the game today. It is a horror show of flying elbows and slashing forearms. Time after time a helmet can be seen making hard first contact—spinning, butting. "Coaches say, 'We don't have a problem,'" Rohrig says. "We say, 'Oh yeah? Look at this.'"

Gene Calhoun is considered to be one of Rohrig's top referees. An ex-high school football player and a former baseball coach at Wisconsin, he has officiated in the Big Ten for 15 years. He is also a Madison, Wis. attorney. Calhoun says that if somebody doesn't stop coaches from teaching helmet-first tackling and blocking, the courts are going to step in and start making football rules. And then, he says, coaches may find themselves side-by-side at the bar with the helmet manufacturers.

Says Calhoun, "The thing that is extremely critical is this: Why was the NCAA formed? Roosevelt said, 'Clean up football or abolish it.' What was happening then is happening now. Boys are getting hurt unnecessarily. No. 1 for all of us is the safety of the players. The men on the Rules Committee are intelligent, honorable men who have the best interest of the players at heart. But changing the rules is not enough, and our calling more penalties is not enough if the coaches don't change their habits. It has to be a cooperative venture, and there's more at stake than coaches realize."

"When people get hurt, a chain of liability could very well be triggered to involve everybody—the players, the coaches, the officials, the schools, the conferences—even the NCAA itself. If they haven't done everything expected of reasonable people to prevent the type of injury that makes an individual a quadriplegic, they are all going to find themselves on the hook."

"You don't think it can happen? A high school coach in Thornburg, Iowa was named, along with a school district and a sporting-goods store, in a \$2 million suit. A Milton College [Wis.] player whose neck was injured in a head-on tackle named the school and its insurance company in a \$3.1 million suit. The kid's lawyers proceeded on the theory

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that the boy was not coached in the dangers of this type of tackling. In fact, he might have been taught otherwise—stick that head in there, make contact."

Can the helmet be defused? Moreover, can it be defused in time?

Predictably, with so many special interests involved, there is no general agreement. Even what would seem to be the most obvious first step has consistently met resistance: the recommendation, made as early as 1972 by the American Medical Association, that helmets be padded with a "soft outer covering." Today's helmets are so hard that Maryland Quarterback Mark Manges broke his hand on one last year just following through on a forward pass.

Paterno has long advocated padded helmets but does not get much support from his colleagues. Coaches resist, says Dr. Cooper, "because a padded helmet doesn't give 'em that big whack when somebody gets hit. It's the same reason they don't like padded shoulder pads. Coaches want to hear noise. They love noise. Equipment makers know that coaches, not physicians, buy helmets."

"Most coaches today never played in the helmet that is being used. They don't realize. Cornell used padded helmets for 20 years. Teams were thrilled to play Cornell. Head and neck injuries were reduced, and when they went home they weren't all black and blue. Cornell would still be using 'em, but MacGregor [the manufacturer] quit making 'em. MacGregor's lawyers told 'em to get the hell out of the helmet business because it'll burn your tail. They sold the molds to Bill Kelley [president of a firm in Grand Prairie, Texas] and Kelley still makes 'em for Gene Upshaw and two or three other pros. They won't play without 'em."

"Coaches say padded helmets are dangerous because the padding increases torque stress. They say it causes pinched nerves. Baloney. If that was all there was to it, they could coat the padding with Teflon. The coaches wanted their noise back." Well, maybe not all the time. Oklahoma, for instance, practices in padded helmets but changes to hard-shell helmets for games.

Former Cornell team physician Dr. Alexis Rachun confirms that at Cor-

nell there was "no increase in the number of pinched nerves" because of padded helmets. The Stanford Research report on NFL injuries found other "reasons" had been given by the manufacturers for not padding helmets: teams objected that manufacturers "couldn't point the team logos on soft helmets" and were afraid of "increased equipment costs." Also—the most unconscionable rationale of all—teams "did not wish to protect members of the opposition unless their [own] were also protected." Any excuse, says Dr. Rachun, "is a terrible injustice to the player. These tough football coaches just feel the only way to play the game is to beat the hell out of the opponent."

Recently manufacturers have pushed to have face guards removed from the helmets, having been burned in the courts by the argument that the guard acts as a lever which drives the helmet down on the spinal cord. Dr. Richard Schneider, head of neurosurgery at the University of Michigan, who studied the case histories of 225 helmet injuries (66 deaths) in high school, college, pro, semi-pro and sandlot games, concluded that the guard did indeed act in such a manner, and recommended its removal. Dr. Schneider said it would be better "to lose a few teeth than to sustain a severe head or neck injury."

Slicing across all these arguments, however, is an inescapable overall conclusion: the helmet is being used as a device to injure football players. What difference does it make which portion of it is more lethal if such use is allowed?

"What appears to be going on here," says *The Physician and Sportsmedicine*, "is a game of semantics, in which coaches and rule makers are saying that the only danger to the head and neck is when the top of the helmet makes initial contact, and physicians and other concerned persons, including a minority of coaches, are replying that it makes little difference whether it is the face guard, side or top of the helmet that makes the initial and forcible contact."

Two years ago the National Federation of State High School Associations ruled that no helmet blow, from any position, could be the first contact in blocking and tackling. Doug Dickey thinks it a rule worth looking into for colleges, at least as it would apply to defensive play-

ers. He sees it as a possible means to stop players from burrowing into falling ballcarriers, requiring them to at least look where they are going. Some concerned coaches, like Paterno, think the rule might be unrealistic because the head "tends to fly around and get in the way anyway." Dr. William Clancy of the University of Wisconsin Sports Medicine Clinic argues that because of that rule he has treated an unusual number of "slingers"—caused by the transitory stretching of the nerve running from the neck down the arm during a shoulder tackle—which, in extreme examples, can result in partial paralysis.

But even when paralysis occurs, a slinger is not a permanent injury. All 24 cases Dr. Clancy treated were fully recovered within six months. The high schools' experiment may still be open to judgment, but results are encouraging: the high school federation reports that deaths and catastrophic head and neck injuries were at a 25-year low in 1977.

Despite this encouraging statistic, no move was made in recent NFL and NCAA Rules Committee meetings to follow the high schools' example.

Rules of sport are not graven in stone. They are changed frequently, and there is precedent for changing them expressly to make football a safer game. Colleges usually lead in these reforms, with the pros' fear of a commercial-image failure making them lag behind. In any case, says Paterno, "we have an obligation to try things, even if we don't agree that they're the final answers."

On that basis, it would seem logical to try these across the board, from the sandlots to the pros:

- Make all deliberate initial-contact helmet hits, by any part of the helmet, illegal. "Deliberate" would allow for strays and be a judgment call officials could make, says Gene Calhoun.
- Pad the outside of helmets and shoulder pads.
- Remove face masks or, at least, produce a study verifying their safety.
- Make mouthpieces mandatory at all levels of the game.
- Make all deliberate hits above the shoulders illegal.
- Make any flagrant foul involving the head punishable by immediate ejection of the offending player.

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• Spot-check practices to see that coaches are not teaching or condoning dangerous techniques.

Would such changes mar football's attractiveness or make it more difficult to coach? No more than rules against clipping, flying tackles, hurdling and turtle-back formations did. Most rules concerning players' safety are first pushed by physicians, not coaches.

Coaches will always resist change, says Dr. Cooper, and doctors do not vote on rules changes. As a consultant to the NCAA Rules Committee, he has found that when doctors come around, coaches get the wham-whams. "As long as I talked strictly about injuries, they didn't mind," Dr. Cooper says, "but when I started talking about preventing injuries, they called it 'meddling.' In essence, they said, 'Why the hell don't you stick to practicing medicine and quit trying to act like a damn coach?'"

"Some coaches resisted the mouthpiece legislation to the bitter end. They said their quarterbacks couldn't call signals through them. After three or four years of coming back from the meetings frustrated, I got my dentist to custom-fit a mouthpiece. The next year I gave a 30-minute report with the mouthpiece in. Nobody noticed. I said, 'Did everybody understand me?' and I pulled out the mouthpiece. They turned around and voted it in. Our dental bills have dropped to practically nothing."

This season helmets used at the college level must meet standards laid down by the National Operating Committee on Standards for Athletic Equipment, a group made up of sporting-goods manufacturers, the NCAA, junior colleges and trainers. The standards are an attempt to unify against faulty manufacturing practices and would seem a step in the right direction. But *Trial* magazine, the monthly journal of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, has already called the NOCSAE standards "dismally inadequate" and "low-level." "A sure harbinger of litigation to come," says Calhoun. "The lawyers smell blood."

In fact, the issue of *Trial* in which the helmet critique appeared was devoted entirely to sports litigation. Various boxes for lawsuits and how to prepare them were presented. Cases were

made against the helmets and the use of synthetic turf. *Trial* said that if "coaches are willing to buy inferior helmets, then industry stands willing to participate [for profit] in the crippling of our youth." It recommended that substandard helmets be banned, that coaches who teach helmet-first techniques be fired and that parents be apprised of the risk with consent forms.

Finding the battle lines drawn, equipment manufacturers have pushed for a bill in Congress to provide liability-judgment limitation. Says Howard Bruns, president of the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association, "The sporting-goods industry itself is under attack. The question is, will football survive?"

"It won't," says Dr. Cooper, echoing a prediction Joe Paterno once heard. "If we don't do something, everybody will be playing soccer."

No, not everybody.

Robert Francis Mudd Jr. will not be playing soccer.

He has been paralyzed since making a tackle in a Stockton, Calif. high school scrimmage seven years ago. A \$3 million suit was filed on Mudd's behalf by attorneys, one of whom was former San Diego Charger All-Pro Tackle Ron Mix. The suit alleged that the face-to-numbers technique taught at Lincoln High was inherently unsafe and that coaches and schools were negligent in permitting it.

The trial set a San Joaquin County record for civil jury trials by taking four months to complete.

Mudd lost.

He has, his parents believe, also lost in life. "You wonder what kind of life he's going to have," says his mother. "Will he meet someone? Will he be able to get married? It's just a catastrophe. There is no other way to put it."

Says the boy, now 21, "You get bored. You don't have any friends. There's really very little you can do."

END

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Yesterday

by DONALD MURRAY

BACK IN THE '40s, SURFERS FLED WHEN 20 BOARDS CROWDED MALIBU'S WAVES

Unbelievably, within the memory of middle-aged Southern Californians there was a time when 20 surfboards at Malibu on a summer Sunday was a crowd, and some of us, disgusted with the influx of tourists from the San Fernando Valley, would leave to drive 10 miles up the coast to Paradise Cove and surf the finger reefs or the big crescent reef off the point, one bay south of Point Dume.

You could check the surf on the way up because there were few houses along the coast in the 1940s and beachside apartments and hotels were almost nonexistent. The trip took 15 or 20 minutes if you obeyed the speed limit as you went past the Malibu sheriff's station, and there were no traffic signals after Santa Monica Canyon.

Buzzy Trent, who subsequently moved to Hawaii where he became a celebrated big-wave surfer, was a kid of about 12 or 14 who surfed some but whose primary interest was following the fin swirls

of Bill O'Connor, one of the best skin divers in the Santa Monica Bay area. Buzzy was

too eager to soak up the diving lore that Bill so willingly imparted to give surfing more than a look.

Bob Simmons, who later was to drown in a big stern surf, was the guy from Pasadena who drove the Model A pickup with a hot V-8 engine and worked nights in a machine shop so he could surf during the day. A stringy, solitary surfer with a knack for woodworking, he repaired our boards when he felt like it. And whether he did or not depended on how good the surf was just then. The nose block used to break off the solid redwood and balsa-and-redwood boards. Simmons had a way of fooling around with a router and a piece of marine plywood so that you ended up with a plywood deck for the first two or three feet of your plank, and the nose blocks stayed glued to that. From this plywood addition originated by Simmons grew the up-curved, spoon-shaped nose that evolved just before surfing went to Styrofoam and fiber glass boards.

Simmons used to squat on the beach, eating grapes out of a paper sack and arguing about how high the surf might be in some obscure cove in Australia that nobody had ever heard of. He built himself what seemed to be a thinner, sharper-nosed board every few weeks, and he would sit way out off Malibu Point waiting for the wave of the day, then come flying across the glassy face of it on an extreme angle (he seldom made a turn) and try to make it past the pier.

One of Bob's arms had been broken in a bicycle accident and he couldn't straighten it out all the way at the elbow. When he paddled he had to lean way over to get his forearm in the water. Joe Schechter, the surfing lawyer, had a soft spot in his heart for Simmons and a way of his own with the gendarmes. Bob collected tickets for no headlights, no windshield, no fenders, no muffler and had a chronic inability to read speed-limit signs, and Joe kept Bob from being stranded in the Lincoln Heights jail when the surf was up.

Schechter himself surfed with a come movie-boxer's stance you could spot a mile off. He was a poor swimmer, and he wore a pair of trunks with an inflatable compartment sewn in around the waist and a tube to blow it up. A hefty man to begin with, Joe in his water-wing trunks presented a fascinating silhouette.

There was also an old fellow in his late 30s or early 40s we called Onshore

because he stayed close to the beach and danced around on his board, making turns and riding the shore break. He was a nuisance to the rest of us surfers because when you caught a screamer off the point and were sliding a tight right, trying to make it to the pier, there would be Onshore, knocking down the wave wall ahead of you.

Now and again when the surf was giant, Ed Edgar from Hermosa Beach would show up in his hot rod with his 120-pound, four-inch-thick, solid redwood log, its nose all jagged from collisions, and he would terrorize everyone. Edgar mostly surfed Hermosa Pier and Palos Verdes Cove and was what you might call an independent, with the physique to enforce it.

Mary Ann Morrissey, then one of the few girls who could even begin to surf, came up to catch a wave once in a while, but mostly she enjoyed challenging unknowing guys to a swimming race for a mile or two. Morrissey did a lot of picture work then, stunts and doubling for Esther Williams.

Porter Vaughan, more familiarly known as Melonhead, was a Malibu regular; Dave Rochlen Sr. got his first board about that time. Bob Butts came back from World War II and the Navy Underwater Demolition Team with his contagious laugh and to ride his V-bottom, skegless, mahogany-decked balsa board. Kuie Larsen would come up from Laguna Beach on his motor scooter and slide a few between bouts with his ukulele. A skilled mold maker in the Laguna Beach pottery industry, Larsen was greatly in demand, but his one cardinal rule, in a life singularly free of them, was never to work more than two weeks at a stretch. And there was the clear moonlit night when Joe Quigg went out for about an hour, looking like a golden ghost against the black curl of the waves.

That was in the '40s. Now I live in a small pueblo outside of Guadalajara, Mexico, and San Blas, one of the world's surfing meccas, is more than 250 miles away. But I get down there once in a while, and sometimes a surfing-history buff asks me about Bob Simmons, Buzzy Trent, Dave Rochlen Sr., Melonhead or some of the other figures from surfing's past. I remember them and many others who were a little hooked on surfing. They were just some of the guys around the beach then, when 20 boards at Malibu was a crowd.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 31-August 8

BOXING—RUGO CORRO of Argentina retained his world middleweight title with a 15-round decision over Ronnie Harris of Canada, Ohio, at Bunkers Area.

DIVING—CYNTHIA POTER of Houston got a record 27th career national title by winning the women's competitive springboard at the AAU championships in Mexico City, Calif. Diver winners, **GREGG LOUGHRAN**, in the men's one-meter springboard and the men's 10-meter platform, **JIM KENNEDY**, at the men's three-meter springboard, **JENNIFER CHANDLER**, in the women's three-meter springboard, **MELISSA BRILEY**, in the women's 10-meter platform.

GOLF—JOHN MARAFFEY defeated Tom Watson and Jerry Pate on the second hole of sudden death to win the PGA Championship at Oakland, Pa. (page 16)

NAMMY LOPEZ shot a final-round, one-under-par 73 for a 72-hole total of 283, seven under par, to win the \$100,000 LPGA Tour at the Bunkers Area.

HARNESS RACING—FALCON AJ MAIR (BS) 133.870, driven by Billy Hargrave, won the \$340,000 Meadowlands Pace by two lengths over Abernethie. The 3-year-old was timed at 1:55.5 (page 68)

HORSE RACING—ALYDAR 03-406, Jorge Velazquez Jr., won the \$62,575 Wynn Stakes at Saratoga by 10 lengths over Buckaroo. The 3-year-old ran the mile and an eighth in 1:47.5 (page 33)

MOTOR SPORTS—LENNY POND, driving an Oldsmobile, averaged 174 m.p.h. around for a 300-mile race, while winning the first Grand National race of the career, the 201 1/2 Tallauga 300 at Talladega, Ala.

A. J. FOYT, in a Contender, averaged 159.047 mph on the two-mile Texas World Speedway oval to win the 200-mile Texas Grand Prix at College Station over Johnny Rutherford in a McLaren.

ROGGER—NASL Vancouver which in the league record for consecutive victories (10) last week, added three more wins as its total and shared the best winning percentage (.800) in the league with the Cosmos as the regular season ended. The Whangpans scored the Earthquakes 6-3 on Kevin Hatten's hat trick, then defeated San Diego 2-1. Seattle won three games and qualified for a playoff berth in the National Conference. The Sounders beat Portland 3-2 when Mickey Gaudin scored the winning goal in overtime. Oakland 2-1 in a blowout, and California 5-2. That win eliminated Dallas from playoff consideration, despite the Tornado's subsequent 5-3

win over the Cosmos. Jeff Blaine of the Tornado scored four goals, three of them in a four-minute, 24-second stretch of the first half, a league record. Minnesota clinched first place in the National Conference Central by beating Los Angeles 5-0 and Colorado 2-0. Washington held on to second place in the National Conference East, although losing to Toronto 2-0. The Diplomats lost to the Cosmos 2-1 when Jeremy Steele kicked the ball into his own goal. Detroit defeated New England 1-0 and kept the Sea View from clinching first place in the American Conference East, as lost to one game. New England beat Memphis 3-2 in overtime and edged Tampa Bay, which defeated Toronto 5-1 and Houston 3-2, for first place. The Los Angeles Huskies from a playoff berth. Philadelphia qualified by defeating Detroit 3-2 and Rochester 3-2, helping to run the Lakers' playoff hopes. San Jose defeated Oakland 2-1, knocking the Shamrock out of the playoffs.

ASL, Southern California has taken its struggle most of its last 10 and has moved one second place win with Los Angeles in the West. The Lakers beat Sacramento 3-0 with Sal Walker getting a goal and an assist, while Bob Gravelle got his 10th shutout in the last six games. Wallace is the league's scoring leader with 31 goals. Gravelle, who has given up just one goal in the last six games, lowered his league-leading goals-against average to 0.69.

SWIMMING—TRACY CALLEKINS established a world record in the women's 200-meter individual medley with a time of 2:15.09 at the National AAU Long Course championships at The Woodlands, Texas. Also setting world records were STEVE LUNDQVIST, 2:04.39 in the men's 100 individual medley, JESSIE VANSALLO 4:23.39 in the men's 400 individual medley, AJM LENE, 4:01.66 in the women's 400 freestyle (page 26)

At the Commonwealth Games in Edmonton, Alberta, 15-year-old **TRACY WICKHAM** of Australia broke her own world record in the 800-meter freestyle with a time of 8:24.61 (page 57)

TENNIS—WTT San Diego won three matches and maintained its 77-56 record over Los Angeles in the West. The Friars defeated Anaheim 20-1, Phoenix 21-13 and New York 31-18. Los Angeles also won three in straight its winning streak to eight. Chris Evert defeated Nancy Richey 6-3 and the National Conference's top seed, the Savages, who posted Anaheim 31-21, then Ann Kuyamers and Nostre teamed to knock off Free McMillan and Ilana Kline 6-3 in mixed doubles to give Los Angeles a 71-50 victory over the Golden Gulls in the first of a home-and-home series in Los Angeles. The next night the Strung defeated the Gulls in Oakland 23-18 in

overtime. In the East, Boston won two of three and opened up a 10-game lead over New York.

TRACK & FIELD—KARL HANS BEHM of West Germany set a world record in the hammer throw in Hirsch-eck, West Germany, his toss of 261' 6" being much longer than the old record.

SARA SIMON of Italy broke the world record in the women's high jump with a leap of 6' 7" at Brescia, Italy, a quarter of an inch better than the mark established by Rosemarie Ackermann of East Germany last year.

VOLLEYBALL—Tucson, winning four matches in five nights, clinched its first playoff berth in the franchise's history. The Sky defeated San Diego in five games, Seattle in three straight and ended Seattle's six-match winning streak before returning home to defeat Denver. The Comets, who are in a race with El Paso for the first Western Conference playoff spot, beat San Diego in five games but lost to Seattle and Orange County in their road record for 3-14 Seattle, which has won seven of eight, defeated San Diego in five games.

MILFOOTS—NAMED GENE SHULT, 46, in coach of the NBA's new San Diego Franchise. Shult, who was first as coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, was named to the 1977-78 season but a 44-43 record in 12 years in an NBA head coach.

SOLD By owners, Edward and Peter Broutman, the Stanley Cup champion MONTREAL CANADIENS, in Montreal, Quebec, to Canada Ltd. for a reported \$20 million.

DIED **KARL HEUTCHER**, 71, died of cancer, in Chico, Calif. One of 17 player members of the Pro Football Hall of Fame, Clark, a star at Colorado College was a quarterback for the Denver Broncos from 1934 to 1938 and coached the Lions in 1937-38.

DIED **JESSE POP HAINES**, 85, former major league baseball pitcher, at Philadelphia, Ohio, a pitcher with the Cardinals from 1920 to 1937. Haines had a 209-158 record, pitched a no-hitter and won three World Series games. He was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1976.

CREDITS

14—Lynn Phillips 14.55—John Hatten 17—Ken Regan
Carmine 9—John Hatten 18—Ken Regan
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FACES IN THE CROWD



CLINT JOHNSON
OLYMPIC-PAN AM

Chris, 16, a student at Shawnee Mission South High, threw the discus 196 feet at a regional Junior Olympic track meet in Russellville, Ark., setting a record for high school sophomores and breaking the national Junior Olympic mark.



CHRIS HALSBAUR
CONCORD

Chris, 14, defeated Paul Thompson 6-1, 6-2 to win her fourth straight Metropolitan Junior College title. She also won the girls' 14-and-under division. She also teamed with Paul's sister Caren to win the girls' 16-and-under doubles.



ANNERE KELLY
BOWLING

Kelly, 28, defeated Gabby de Ferto of Peru by 211 pins to win the women's all-events title at the Bowling Tournament of the Americas in Miami. She captured the singles crown, then, with Freya Auzan of Miami, won the doubles.



ERNEST BILLUPS
CHEROKEE

At the National AAU Masters track meet in Atlanta, Billups, a 41-year-old high school principal, broke the American 800-meter record for the 40-43 age group with a time of 1:57.5, 1 of a second faster than the mark set in 1973.



ED VANDENBERG
BOWLING

As a sophomore pitcher for San Bernardino Valley State College, Vandenberg, 19, was named State Junior College Player of the Year. Leading the Indians to the Muegg Conference playoffs, he had an 18-1 record and a 0.94 ERA.



IRENE HACH
SOUTHERN CALIF.

Irene, 16, paced the Southridge High football team to the State Class II title. She had a 20-0 record, threw a no-hitter and three one-hitters and allowed just 61 hits in 133.5 innings. She also pitched a season-high 457.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

YANKEE DOODLING

Sir:

Congratulations to Larry Keith for an outstanding article (*A Bunt That Went Boom!* July 31). It shows the side of Reggie Jackson many people despise and the side of Billy Martin many respect.

WALLY WALKER JR.
Beckley, W. Va.

Sir:

Terrific article! It proved one thing to me: Reggie Jackson is the most concerted and overpaid player in all of sports. I don't understand why he's considered a superstar when his season average has never been above .293. And when a man getting paid \$580,000 has been unable to execute a successful sacrifice bunt for six years, something is obviously wrong. Nobody will ever convince me that Jackson didn't know he was a very poor hunter when he defied management, so I feel Martin's actions were fully justified.

Because Martin will again manage the Yankees in 1980 (*Doing Much ... and Much Afo*, Aug. 7), I hope this means Jackson will be gone by then.

DAVID SLATCHER
Malvern, Pa.

Sir:

Reggie Jackson gets my vote simply for retaining his sanity since joining the Yankees. I hope he has another great year!

VIVIAN WEAVER
Houston

Sir:

Shipbuilder George Steinbrenner's latest version of a Yankee team is sinking fast. Without Skipper Billy Martin at the helm, the Yankee Clipper (no relation to Joel) has struck a BEGGING bar in Boston Harbor and is now stuck with a Lemon. There is no escape, because the Rivers is dry and the ship has a Dent in It. It's there in black and white. The staff is getting baseballs rammed down its Gullet. Their Goose is cooked. Second Baseman Willie has become Won't He and the Minion Burner has fallen victim to the gas shortage. Could a Spark ignite him? No. I can hear Taps Blaring: "What will happen next? It's hard to Figure. Can Talls tell us? Gladly he giddy, but the Bessie goes on and the Hunter has become the hunted. They're living on Tid Row. I just can't Berna it! What the Hook can I do?

SCOTT BENDIN
Floral Park, N.Y.

Sir:

Help! Please, I don't want to hear another word about the continuing drama of the New York Yankees and Billy Martin. The only pos-

sible conclusion to this bizarre media overkill is for Martin to give birth to a test-tube baby while trying to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon.

WILLIAM G. PAPA
New York City

BAMER'S BOMBERS

Sir:

In Larry Keith's article *A Bunt That Went Boom* (July 31), he says, "In various ways Steinbrenner, Jackson, fate—and the Red Sox—all worked against [Billy Martin]." Do you mean that the Brewers, who have won nine of 10 from New York, including all seven at Milwaukee this year, haven't had an effect on the Yankees' fourth-place standing?

DAN VAN HANDEL
DAVE VAN HANDEL
Appleton, Wis.

Sir:

On the day this letter is being typed (July 27), the Milwaukee Brewers are proud owners of the leading candidate for Rookie of the Year (Paul Molitor), two of the top five home-run hitters in the American League (Gorman Thomas and Larry Hise), two of the win-mongers pitched in the majors (Larry Sorensen and Mike Caldwell), one of the leading hitters in the American League (Skeg Lezak), the third-best record in either league and several players near the top in just about every major league category except Big League Malcontents.

We know it's hard for you to believe, but there is exciting, top-notch baseball being played in cities other than Boston and New York.

TIM KELLEY
KEN MILLER
JIM CAMPBELL
Hastings, Wis.

BRAVE TALK

Sir:

Give us good ol' boys down here in Atlanta a break (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, July 31)! The last major league pitcher before Cleveland's Mike Puxton to fail four batters in one inning was our own Philip H. Niekro on July 29, 1977 in a 5-3 win over the Pirates. Somebody apparently misread *The Book of Baseball Records*. Mike Cuellar (May 29, 1970) was the last American League pitcher to perform the feat.

RON FIELDS
Atlanta Braves Television
WTCC-TV
Atlanta

Sir:

I am a bit upset at the lack of respect shown the Atlanta Braves in Mike DelNagro's re-

port. The Braves have a lot of young talent, and with the growing support of the fans, the return of suspended owner Ted Turner and an outstanding manager, Bobby Cox, it won't be long before the whole world will be watching the Braves in a World Series. As for Dick Ruthven and the Philadelphia Phillies, the Braves just gave Philadelphia a visit and left it a shambles, sweeping a three-game series.

THOMAS R. BUECHNER
Atlanta

PITTSBURGH'S NO-HIT PITCHERS

Sir:

It would appear to me that John Montefusco's statement about the Giants being the only team in history to boast three no-hit pitchers (*SCORECARD*, July 31) was made before he met the Pittsburgh Pirates, who have three no-hit pitchers in Jim Bibby ('73, Texas), John Candelaria ('76, Pittsburgh), and Bert Blyleven ('77, Texas).

JERRY GREENSTETT
Pittsburgh

ON WITH THE GAME

Sir:

Your series of articles on Money in Sports (July 17 et seq) has been very enlightening and certainly timely. However, I was confused as to the point made by the poll on page 47 of the July 31 issue. It said that 56% of those fans polled had a favorable impression of sports owners; yet when asked specific questions about the owners' characteristics, they gave answers that seemed contradictory. Fifty-two percent thought owners were greedy; only 41% said the owners had fulfilled their civic responsibility; 61% answered that, no, the owners did not tell the truth when they said their teams were losing money; and 55% thought owners took unfair advantage of tax breaks.

If fans have favorable impressions of greedy, non-civic-minded liars who cheat on their taxes, then maybe the problem lies with the person sitting in the stands.

DOUGLAS LAUER
San Bruno, Calif.

Sir:

What is all the bickering about? In a society that has worked ceaselessly to erase whatever distinction there once might have been between the words "ambition" and "greed," why should we vent our spleen on players and owners? They are simply a distillation of the rest of us.

We would be better off recalling the words of the late, lamented Pogo: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

WALTER B. DUNNING
Circle Pines, Minn.

continued

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WBBM/CBS Newsradio 78



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15TH HOLE continued

Sir:

The biggest mistake is made by those who call the business of professional athletics sports.

BENJAMIN W. JOHNSON
 Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir:

My hands are up to raise a cheer for the good bargain a ticket to a baseball game provides. It isn't the price of tickets that bothers me but the cost of traveling to see my favorite team, the Boston Red Sox. A plane trip from Syracuse to Boston really jumps up the price.

I'm glad Warren N. Kellogg of Exeter, N.H., the disillusioned Boston fan you quoted in Part 3, has the good sense to say he will return to Fenway when Yag goes for his 3,000th hit. I hope to be there, too.

THOMAS V. FANNING
 Camden, N.Y.

Sir:

I recently attended a baseball game between the Oakland A's and Cleveland Indians in which Bob Lacey threw me a baseball. I got Matt Keough's autograph, and the A's won 5-4 in the ninth. No magazine is going to tell me that players don't hustle and are not loyal to their fans.

PAT WALSH
 Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

As a longtime Boston Red Sox and Washington Redskins adherent, I follow professional sports with a passion. As Ray Kennedy and Nancy Williamson say, sport is a welcome diversion. I don't care what the athletes make.

RICHARD MAC KINNON
 Honolulu

Sir:

Ray Kennedy and Nancy Williamson are to be commended for their superbly written, insightful analysis of money in sports. For those of us who have been somewhat baffled by the shenanigans that seem to plague the entire spectrum of professional sport (amateur athletes notwithstanding), it was a revealing piece of work I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

BLD CALAFY
 Palatine, Ill.

ONE-DESIGNERS

Sir:

Coles Phinzy's article *Swinging in a Star* (July 31) was a masterpiece of insight, thorough research and informative and interesting reading. He has captured what Star sailing, and sailing in general, is all about.

As for Dennis Conner, his success story is typical of those of the many great Star sailors since the class originated in 1911. Young sailors can learn a great lesson from him—that there is an optimal mixture of one-design and offshore racing to strive for. All too many young sailors go for the big boats where the money and glitz is, only to find out too late

that their sailing skills are lacking because they never took one-design racing seriously.

TODD COZZENS
 Executive Director
 International Star Class
 Yacht Racing Association
 Glenview, Ill.

WOMEN IN THE BOOTH

Sir:

Please, may the departure of Phyllis George from CBS Sports somehow set in motion a change in the utilization of women sportscasters on television (TV/RADIO, July 31). With no offense intended to George, her smile-and-introduce-this-week's-feature-with-Tony-Bennett-in-the-background role had me gritting my teeth week after week. And I had to switch channels every time NBC's Regina Haskins came on to play straight lady to a robot. Thanks to Melissa Ludtke Lincoln for opening some windows on this issue.

SHELLEY MOORE
 Brooklyn

• CBS replaced George with Jayne Kennedy, an actress and a former Miss Ohio.—ED

Sir:

The networks refuse to hire intelligent women commentators. More and more major league teams employ squads of half-clad girls afflicted with perma-smile to preen in front of the cameras. Advertising directed toward sports fans often includes grossly obvious sexual connotations. And SI continues its tradition of the annual cheesecake issue.

Part 3 of your series *Money in Sports* (July 31) indicates that an increasingly large percentage of all sports fans are female. So how much longer do we women fans have to tolerate the insults, the lechery and the degradation that are heaped on us by the sports world? The NFL (as packaged by television) is so blatantly contemptuous of women that I have quit watching altogether.

TRULIE BENDIS
 New York City

JUDGMENT DAY

Sir:

Hats off to you for your eye-opening item on the Senate amendment sponsored in the aftermath of the Tellico Dam controversy (SCORECARD, July 31). I am appalled at the pomposity and glib of Senators like Howard Baker and John Culver who would let federal officials play God and decide if a species may be exterminated.

Thanks to publicity like that provided by your column, sane Americans can hope this ludicrous measure will be flattened in the House.

MARY C. METZGER
 Birmingham

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

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